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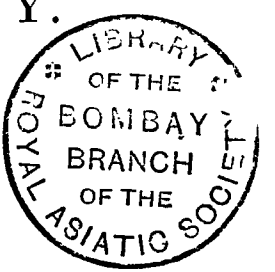

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LIVY.

CHAPTER I.

LIVY AS A LITERARY MAN AT ROME.

Rome as the Capital of the World.—Livy, like most of the great Latin authors, was not of Roman birth, but the native of a country town of Italy, attracted to Rome in later years. In our own days men of letters flock to London or to Paris, or to some other of the capitals of Europe, where they find the readiest market for their literary wares, or easiest access to the shifting currents of new thought. In Livy's time Rome was the capital of the whole civilised world, and as such the centre to which all eyes and all ambitions turned. For seven hundred years the city of the Seven Hills had fought and schemed and conquered; it had cost her centuries of constant warfare to spread her arms through Italy; she had been locked with Carthage in a struggle for life or death which, three times renewed, was ended only by the total ruin of the Queen of Trade; Macedonia, relying on the proud memories of Alexander's conquests, dared her to a trial of strength, but only to be crushed, dismembered, and annexed; the royal thrones of Asia toppled and fell before the tramp of the invading legions; in the West the peoples of Spain and Gaul bowed their necks perforce to receive the yoke of Rome, which stood at last supreme in the old world in the solitude which she had made, with a ring of uncivilised races only on her border. The age of conquest was succeeded by a period of Civil Wars,

in which the rival claimants for Imperial power disputed the prize which had been won. The commanding genius of the great Caesar triumphed in the field only to fall before the assassins' knives. His nephew stepped into the vacant place, and played a warier game of force and guile, till he swept his rivals from his path, and the Augustan age at last gave peace to the world and prosperity to Rome.

Livy left his native Padua.—New-comers flocked from every quarter to the seat of empire and of fashion; motley crowds jostled each other in the streets, for curious wonder and the spirit of adventure drew them by thousands from their homes. Thither came Livy like the rest. He left his native Padua, then called Patavium, and settled as a man of letters where he might find books and literary circles, or materials for wider studies.

Livy as a literary man at Rome.—In public life indeed there was little opening for his special talents. The arts of peace had languished sadly during the long years of Civil War, when the soldier's trade alone was prized. Quiet and plenty were restored once more; the temple of Janus had been closed—the symbol of universal peace which had been unknown for ages—but the old days had not come back when eloquence alone could raise the orator to the highest posts of honour. The Republic had passed away for ever. The mass-meetings of the streets, roused to fury by the hot words of a party-leader; the passionate debates in the National Assemblies, whose virulent invectives shook our calmer tastes; the Criminal Trials, in which the rival advocates were politicians straining every nerve to gain a party triumph—these were now memories of the past when the name of Freedom was often sullied by turbulent misrule. Power was now divided between the Emperor and the Senate. The former was Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of the State, governing by his deputies the great countries, then called Provinces, which needed military force, and though in name

only Supreme Magistrate, was really almost absolute Monarch. The latter was made up of ex-officials, who took their seats for life in the Great Council; through it the noble families of Rome seemed still to rule the capital and half the provinces; but the master of the armies held the power of the sword; his will, disguised though it was by many a mask, was felt in every detail of public life, influenced the course of every debate, and determined the career of every statesman or aspirant. The arts of Rhetoric were studied as of old, and the young trained themselves in all the fence of words, but eloquence no longer promised a career of usefulness or honour. Livy was not born, as we have seen, among the governing families of Rome, nor was he started early in official life, but, happily for us, his genius turned soon, if not at first, to literary labours, and found a fitting subject to fire his fancy and to occupy his life in following the history of Rome from the earliest ages down to his own days. It would have been hard indeed to find a worthier theme or a better time to handle it.

He found a worthy subject.—It might well stir the imagination of the visitor to Rome to think that a quiet word spoken hard by in the palace would carry the weight of law throughout the civilised world: that in the strangers who elbowed him as he passed along the streets were men of almost every race and tongue: that the great highways which started from the central milestone in the city ran on to the furthest ends of the great Empire where the legions of Rome were stationed to keep watch and ward against the far-off races of barbarous names and unknown story, while all within enjoyed unwonted peace. In the very year, as it would seem, when Livy's history was begun the old era had been closed and the Empire had been born. But it was not the policy of Augustus rudely to disturb the associations of the past. Old formalities of office were observed; the annual pageants of the Commonwealth passed along the streets; old buildings full of earlier memories were carefully restored; the

name even of the Republic was retained. Outside the city along the highways ran the long line of funeral monuments on which many a tale might still be read of the generals and statesmen of a bygone age. Within in every square and market-place, wherever there were crowds to gather and curious eyes to look, were the unnumbered statues of the men who had added to the glories of their fatherland, and whose forms were still ranged along the streets in a sort of National Gallery of the undying dead. The temples served as public archives, and on their walls were stored the tablets of bronze and stone on which were written the laws, the treaties, and the proclamations of the State. Without the deadening influence of custom few could walk unmoved among such scenes, and while they were still fresh they may perhaps have stirred the historic tastes of Livy, and given a life and interest to his studies. It was a theme which none as yet had treated worthily. Some writers had taken part too keenly in the present to study calmly the lessons of the past; others lived amid the struggle of balanced forces, and to them the course of events was quite obscure; but by this time the story of the great Republic was like a drama which was played out to the end; the curtain had dropped when the last act was over, and critics now could moralise about it as a whole, and see the proportions of the several parts.

He was sure of sympathy at Rome.—It was a subject sure to meet with sympathetic interest in the literary circles which formed the glory of the Augustan age. There were many gathered there at Rome to encourage or advise. There was Virgil, once familiar in his Mantuan home with the farmer's simple pleasures and laborious cares which he set to tuneful verse in his Georgics, now weaving romantic tales about the wanderers from Troy, together with the homespun legends of old Italy, into the tissue of the epic poem which was to spread a halo round the cradle of the Julian line, whence sprung alike the founders of Rome and of the Empire. There too was Horace, weary of

the restlessness and passions of the Civil War, thankful for the genial peace which the world owed to its ruler, and ready to turn the lessons of the past to good account for his philosophy of moderation and good sense. And Ovid too was to be met with there, the spoiled darling of the fashionable circles, whose facile Muse, though sadly befouled by dalliance with coarser themes, was preparing for a higher flight among the tales, half-legendary, half-historic, which were strung together by tradition, and grouped round the holy days of the official calendar or Fasti. Maecenas, the great minister of Augustus, loved to gather round him such a galaxy of talents to throw a lustre on the capital; his subtle courtesies could win their confidence and prompt their genius to favourable themes through which to influence the spirit of the age. It was not his policy to break rudely with the past: rather the period was to count as one of restoration. The Commonwealth was in name at least revived; the ancient temples were rebuilt; the old discipline and state religion were enforced by potent sanctions; there was ample show of civil liberty, together with the blessings of calm and security hitherto unknown. The historian's labours might safely be encouraged, for if the lessons of the past were truly written, men must feel how substantial was the gain to civilised life in passing from the long period of revolution with all its memories of turbulence and bloodshed to the quietude of universal peace.

The circle of Maecenas.—So little indeed is told us of the details of Livy's life that we are not sure that he was one of the circle attracted round Maecenas. But there is no reason to doubt it, for he was on a friendly footing with the Emperor himself, and appeals to his evidence as an eye-witness in connection with a visit which they made perhaps together to the temple of Jupiter Feretrius. But not a word of flattery can be charged upon his memory, not a phrase of more than due respect for the real master of the Roman world, to whom the courtly poets even

of the highest order paid their homage as to a being more than man. According to the well-known story, his sympathies in the first phase of the Civil War were so pronounced in favour of the Senate's party, and he spoke so doubtfully of the great Caesar, that Augustus called him playfully a Pompeian. What might seem still more hazardous perhaps, he spoke in terms of praise of Brutus and Cassius, murderers though they were of Caesar, and champions of the fallen cause. But his relations with the Emperor do not seem to have been clouded by his frankness; he is said to have still seen much of his family, and to have urged the young Claudius to write a history when the boy showed a growing taste for letters.

V. **He had access to materials.** — Happily indeed until the later years of Livy there was no repression of free speech, no censorship of literary works; Maecenas played a warier game; for while his courtesies drew praises of the Empire from many a gifted pen, he left the bolder spirits unassailed, and never suffered them to pose as martyrs. Livy's intimacy with the ruling family, while it did not cramp his freedom, must have given him easy access to historic sources from which only the privileged could draw. There were public documents, buried away from sight in the archives of the State, or exposed only to official eyes. Not every would-be historian or dilettante student might turn over those valuable stores, but a word from Augustus was enough to open every Record Office, and give admission to the Library of every Sacred College. It may be doubted whether Livy used his opportunities aright in this respect, but the Public Libraries, which had been lately opened, contained the works of all the annalists, of many of whom he often speaks, and from whom he seems to have drawn freely. There he studied doubtless to good purpose, and with their help he published from time to time the instalments of his noble work, which found a welcome speedily not only in the cultivated society of Rome, but in far-distant corners of the Empire, as at Gades, whence a traveller

came, as the old story tells us, on his long journey to the capital, content to take one look at Livy and be gone.

His Preface.—If we turn now to his Preface, we may see in what spirit he approached his work. After a few modest words about the greatness of the task, and the writers who had gone before him, he proceeds as follows: 'I have no doubt that my readers for the most part will find little interest in the story of the earliest ages, and will be impatient to come down to recent days, when the race long dominant turned its strength against itself in fatal struggle. But for my own part I would hope that my task may bring me thus much profit, that for a while at least I may turn my eyes away from the many evils of our own time, while I busy myself wholly with the far-off past, where I shall have no influence to fear, such as might disturb the peace, even if it did not bias the judgment of the writer. The traditions of the times before the city was founded or even planned rest on little evidence of genuine fact, but are embellished with poetic fancies, and I have no wish to maintain or to disprove their truth. Antiquity may claim the license of lending mystery to the birth-time of a State by confusing the limits of the human and divine. If any people have the right, the Romans surely may claim a divine parentage and early consecration. Such is their renown in war, that all the races which recognise their sway may calmly listen to their boast that they are sprung through their founder from the God of War. But the feeling or the judgment of my readers on such points can interest me little. I trust however that they will note with care what was the life and character of the men who made the Empire, and by what skill in the arts of peace and war they spread its bounds; they should then see how discipline was gradually relaxed, and moral order first gave way a little, then tottered more and more, till it fell at last in total ruin in our own times, when we can neither bear our vices, nor the remedies that might cure them. The use of

history mainly consists in this, that we may read therein the notable examples of every moral lesson, that we may find patterns there to copy in public and in private life, as well as warnings to make us shrink from what is hideous alike in its birth and in its issues. ..... No State stood ever higher in moral principle and virtuous examples, none withstood so long the inroads of avarice and luxury, none set so high a value on contented thrift ..... it is but lately that wealth and unstinted pleasures have brought with them in their train the greed and wanton license which recks not of ruin to self and all beside.'

Its moral tone.—This Preface serves to illustrate some features of Livy's character and historic work. First we may see in it the traces of a healthier moral sentiment than was usual in the writers of the age. At Rome itself the tone of public thought was sadly low; society was often heartless and corrupt, and high and low alike had suffered from the outburst of revolutionary passions. But homely simplicity and antique virtues lived on still among the country towns, where the extremes of poverty and wealth were not so great as at the centre, and social rivalries were not so intensely keen, nor the solvent of Hellenic thought so subtle in its action on the old moral and religious codes. The reaction of the provinces upon the capital was soon to be begun. New families of robuster conscience stepped into the place of the outworn aristocracy: statesmen and administrators, called from their distant homes to serve the Empire, brought with them traditions of unselfish probity which breathed a new spirit into the governing families of Rome. Long afterwards, in Pliny's days, Patavium was noted for the austere morals of its people, and Livy therefore was faithful to the teaching of his earlier home when he mourned over the decay of domestic virtues and of national honour which disgraced the later days of the Republic. He often speaks of this again, with no affectation or satiric wit, but in tones that have the ring of genuine earnestness.

Practical aim of his work.—He avows indeed that his interest in history is chiefly moral, and that he values it for himself and for his readers mainly because of the great lessons and pictures of true heroism which may be studied there, to be if possible applied in other spheres. We need not look therefore to find much antiquarian lore, or nice criticism of constitutional questions; he loves to dwell on men and manners, and to paint dramatic scenes, which may stir the fancy of the reader, and haply avail to touch his heart.

Its patriotic feeling.—Livy writes however as a patriot, not with dispassionate interest in human nature, for he was a Roman citizen in early years, when his birthplace was included in the civic tribes. It was no quiet country town, like Plutarch's Chaeroneia, remote from the stir of busy life, where the student must learn chiefly from his books. Patavium was a great commercial centre, and ranked among the first cities of the Empire. It had been true to Rome in the great crisis of the Punic struggle, and must have suffered in the long agony of the Civil Wars, in the first stage of which it took the Senate's side, and so perhaps decided the so-called Pompeian sympathies of Livy. Like the capital, it also had its foundation legends, and traced its origin to a wanderer from Troy, Antenor, driven like Æneas to find a home in the far West. Both therefore of these mythic ancestors appear together in the opening pages among those creatures of the fancy which the historian had no wish either 'to maintain or to disprove.'

CHAPTER II.

A GENERAL ESTIMATE OF LIVY'S CHARACTERISTICS.

The divisions of Livy's work.—We may now turn to Livy's work, to see how the vast subject was mapped out, and to form some general estimate of its characteristic qualities, some of which will be afterwards discussed in connection with the subjects which may illustrate them best. His history began with the meagre outlines of tradition which traced the fortunes of the Trojan colony planted by Æneas down to the foundation year of Rome 753 B.C., and after that the current of his narrative flowed regularly on to the events of his own days, ending abruptly in the year 8 B.C., and spreading over no less than a hundred and forty-two books. It is probable that he intended to carry the work down still further to the last year of Augustus, and thus to complete the full tale of a hundred and fifty books. They seem to have been at first composed in separate decades, so arranged that each collection of ten books, and even sometimes of five, should have some sort of unity and completeness in itself, as dealing with a period more or less distinct. But this design was never carried out entirely. Of these books only thirty-five are now remaining, namely i–x and xxi–xlv, though we have scanty summaries (*periochae*) of nearly all the rest.

Many authors are referred to.—In the remaining books of Livy—a mere fragment, it is to be remembered, of the whole—there are many distinct authorities expressly mentioned, not indeed to be compared in number with the long lists of authors referred to often

in a modern work, but still enough to prove that he had read some parts at least of the chief books already written upon his subject. From the contemporaries of the First Punic Wars, Fabius Pictor and Cincius Alimentus, who were the earliest historians of Rome, nearly all those who are known to us from other sources are in some way referred to in his pages.

Not all perhaps read by him.—It does not however follow that he read them all himself in their entirety. He may easily have known the earlier writers chiefly through the accounts which he found of them in the later, and certainly the meagre chronicles which were based upon the dry official records were far less to his taste, and far less likely to be largely used by him than the diffuser works of the annalists who were nearer to his own time. Like Cicero he must have found it very hard to read the formless narratives which dated from the rude beginnings of the art, when finish of style and literary beauties were uncared for. The books however, which he often mentions, of Caelius Antipater, Licinius Macer, and Valerius Antias, came nearer to the canons of his own age, inferior as they might be to the history which eclipsed their fame, and in the long run superseded them entirely.

Some writers were freely copied.—Livy's mode of dealing with these writers can be studied best in the single case where ample fragments still are left us of the originals from which he borrowed. For fifteen books we find that Polybius was closely followed, in regard to all that happened in the East, and so far there is no trace of the use of any other author. We should come to a like conclusion, though on far less evidence, from the tokens of agreement with what we know of Caelius Antipater for the Second Punic War, as also from the comparison of portions of Dionysius and Livy where they seem to be both copying from the same original in the treatment of the same events. The analogy of the mediaeval writers amply illustrates the practice. We may suppose therefore that Livy took some standard author for each

period, working in other elements where it seemed absolutely needful, but in the main caring chiefly to improve the style and manner, at the suggestion of his own finer taste and richer fancy. In questions of importance, when he was set upon the track of inconsistent evidence, he may perhaps have consulted various sources for himself, to put his readers in possession of the facts. But the manual labour of comparing so many bulky rolls, without the modern help of indices or chapters of contents, was one quite alien to his temper, and to the literary canons of his age.

Not much study of original documents.—There is still less reason to believe that he was at much pains to study the various documents or records which lay ready to the historian's hand. The sacred colleges, or confraternities of pontiffs, augurs, fetials and the like, as we have seen already, had in their archives ample stores of such materials, official journals, legal formularies, constitutional precedents of every kind, which had perhaps been largely used already, but from which much more could doubtless have been gleaned to illustrate historic studies. Every great temple was a storehouse of like data: laws, treaties, resolutions of the Senate, could be reckoned in Rome alone by thousands on the bronze tablets which were set up in places of safety or resort. Every country town could have furnished more of the same kind. The funeral notices upon the tombs, the legends even on the coins, had each their history to tell. It is curious enough that the earliest of the epitaphs we have remaining, one of the great house of the Scipios, gives us a record of events which does not tally with the corresponding page of Livy at the period of the Samnite wars. He speaks of one annalist at least as careful in such matters (*diligens talium monumentorum auctor*), and we know that long before in Greece special collections had been made of like classes of materials; literary nicknames even were invented for the 'Old Mortalities' who showed more ardour than

discretion in researches of this nature, but we may be sure that Livy's interest and temper did not point in that direction.

He was not an antiquarian.—He had none of that scientific curiosity which is attracted to the obscurest problems, which would spare no pains to verify a name or date, and laboriously piece together scattered data gathered from widely distant sources to reconstruct the history of an institution or the picture of an epoch. To the antiquarian busy with the civilisations of the past, nothing comes amiss which helps him to realise the actual life of the societies that he would study. Any relic which they may have left behind them; the results of their industry, the creations of their art, the records of their economic troubles, their thoughts of the unseen world, their legal usages and sense of duty—any of these excite his interest as well as the pomp and circumstance of politics or war; he would gladly pore over the fading characters in which some message of the past may possibly have reached us, in the hope that the deciphered text may fill up one of the many gaps in our fragmentary knowledge of these subjects. Even now that so many centuries have passed away, whole chapters of Roman history have to be re-written, as new materials come to hand from the monumental records which are still being disinterred. Livy too could certainly have given us more accurate and lifelike pictures of antiquity if his interest had been more many-sided and his scrutiny of the materials more inquisitive and minute.

He was not a critic.—In drawing from his sources, it is true, he lacked critical insight and definite historic canons. It is the work of the later annalists, as we have seen, that he most closely followed, and yet he could hardly fail to feel that the fragments of rude Latinity contained in the old formularies which they copied from the priestly archives breathe another spirit and belong to other times than the fine sentiments and the mature lessons of statecraft which he found before him or invented in the speeches of the ancient worthies.

The ideal of his earliest society, statesman, general, debater, agriculturist by turns, is not quite the person to have been content in his religious life with the Pharisaic scruples and the soulless prayers to the mysterious powers that presided over the processes of weeding, grubbing, and of sowing (*sarritor*, *subruncator*, *saeturnus*). He does not quite correspond to the society for which the elder Cato wrote in his work on farming, with its hard, positive, austere, and unimaginative counsels of perfection. It is true that when on any question there is a conflict of authorities, he often says that we shall do best to prefer the statements of the earliest author, but then again at times other reasons are avowed, such as that a certain version of the story is in itself more credible, or more pleasant to believe, or more creditable to the national honour. There is no general estimate of the extent to which the annalists might be depended on for the earliest ages, or of the means which we might have of checking or confirming any of their statements, nor is there an attempt to compare their relative value, to determine their individual bias, and therefore to enable us to qualify or to correct their narratives.

He does not discuss the credibility of the legends.—It is natural enough therefore that there was no serious effort on his part to disentangle the threads of fiction and of fact that may have been intertwined in the history of the remotest ages. He has no mind indeed, he tells us, to maintain or to disprove the legendary tales, with all their machinery of marvels, with their heaven brought very near to solid earth, and confusion of the human and divine. It would need a robust faith, he owns, to accept all this early growth of national fancy, but the cradle of a race so potent as the Roman was not to be rudely touched with hands profane, and the old traditions, whatever may have been their source, had at least this value, that they represented the nation's thought about its past: they were so implied in the language of poetry and art, had shaped themselves so long in literary form, and become

so linked to constitutional and religious customs, that they could not be entirely ignored in later ages, even by those who could no longer accept them with unhesitating faith. We can see indeed how many of the stories probably grew up as the artless efforts of the popular fancy to account for the names of familiar scenes and monuments, or for ancient customs and proverbial phrases, but Livy never pauses to discuss such theories of legendary matters, but calmly lets his graceful narrative flow round these creatures of the fancy in a style which is, at times, half poetry, half prose.

He has no clear ideas of early society.—It is a far more serious omission that he took little pains to gather clear conceptions of even the leading features of the early society of Rome. He could not realise the rude simplicity of ancient manners, the matter-of-fact and unimaginative character of the old Italian faiths, the origin or growth of the clients, plebs, and senate; the relations of the distinct comitia to the constitutional life; the real character of the earlier party struggles. As a literary man he had not the practical experience of public life to guide him, and he seems to have accepted readily the various statements of the later annalists, who threw back into the remotest ages the political passions of their own days, and found the same party-questions, and similar war-cries in widely remote periods of natural life.

He makes inconsistent statements.—Another blemish seems to be the natural result of his usual practice of copying largely from a single author at the time, and then passing abruptly to the guidance of another. Sometimes as we have seen he did so for a period of time, sometimes only for a distinct class of events, as where he adheres closely to Polybius for all that happened in the East, while for the Western world he turns to a Roman writer, such as possibly Valerius Antias. But it needed care to fuse the different elements into one harmonious narrative, with no traces of incongruous patchwork. But our author was not always on his guard, and there is many a mark of carelessness and

haste. The story of a siege already given is repeated in a later chapter in slightly different language, as drawn perhaps from another annalist who referred it to a different epoch; towns are taken and retaken, colonies revolt afresh, we find conflicting explanations of names, phrases, institutions; promised descriptions are omitted, official arrangements are variously stated, and chronological data are confused. In most of these cases we may almost certainly assume that matter extracted from one author is not brought into harmony with the accounts gathered from another, and where as in the fourth decade the two streams flow on for a long time side by side the obscurities or contradictions most frequently recur.

Traces of party spirit.—Another result of Livy's debts to earlier writers is an occasional unfairness in the description of a party struggle. The speeches indeed, which seem to be peculiarly Livy's own, balance the arguments on either side, while they give the intensity of passion to the interests at stake. But the patrician bias of the originals referred to may be often clearly seen in their pictures of the leaders of the commons, in the rancour with which they speak of the noble renegades who were faithless to their order and espoused the people's cause, in the sinister aims and the unworthy motives confidently assumed, in a word, in the antedating of the prejudices and the actual circumstances of the later age of revolution.

Traces of national prejudice. — To the same cause may be perhaps ascribed the influence of national pride in distorting the proportions of the truth. Livy no doubt was jealous of the Roman credit, and fully identified his sympathies with its good name. The love of country was to ancient sentiment so strong a duty, that few historians would have felt reluctance to magnify the virtues and to gloss over the failings of their race or city. But that work had been fully done already; the earlier Romans were supposed to have right always on their side, and to be always waging just and pious war (*justum piumque duellum*), while

their enemies were arrogant and treacherous and fickle. 'When victory is slow in coming it is because the strength of Rome is distracted by her civil feuds, or because the soldiers will win no laurels for the generals whom they hate; yet for all that the triumph is not long delayed, for none can long withstand the conquering eagles. That this tone was a common one in earlier writers is clear from the misgivings which Livy himself cannot at times suppress. The numbers of the slain seem to stagger his strong faith; victories are reported which are too fruitless of results to satisfy his reason; and Roman perfidy or meanness is exposed in its true colours in the speeches which he puts into the mouth of Samnite or Greek or Carthaginian speakers. Yet for all that, though his candour seems to have been shocked by the gross partialities of earlier writers, he cannot quite rise himself above the same temptations. While following Polybius closely, he omits many a passage that might be distasteful to a citizen of Rome, tones down or disguises questionable acts, and ignores the lower motives which he found ascribed to statesmen whom he loved to honour.

The good old times are overpraised.—No doubt, as we may gather from his Preface, he was predisposed throughout to take a favourable view of Rome's policy and conduct in the past. In the long career of her success he saw the proof of the moral virtues of the soldiers and the statesmen who had raised her to such eminence, and the keen sense with which he realised the degradation of his own times tended to throw still more into relief the simple heroism and the sturdy worth of the men of the good old times. It was indeed probably a fond delusion. With all their political instincts and their powers of organisation, the nation's story shows few traces of anything generous and unselfish, few of the finer qualities of heart and temper, such as the world had learned to admire in Livy's days, thanks to the varied culture due to the fusion of so many different races. But the earnest spirits of antiquity, when they mourned over the vices

of their times, looked backward-wistfully to an imaginary past, when truth and honesty prevailed on earth and men lived for their country rather than for party or for self. They were haunted by few dreams of future progress, but their moral ideal lay far behind them, and all since had been corruption and decline.

His high moral ideal.—And the moral ideal of Livy was, for a Roman, singularly high. Writing as he did in a licentious age, when men even of high character condoned the vilest sensuality, and spoke lightly, almost jestingly at times of nameless vices, he kept his pages absolutely free from an impure suggestion, and felt himself and helped to inspire in others a genuine enthusiasm for all that was really good or great. By far the larger portion of his work is lost, and in it all the later books in which he treated of the times whose degeneracy he mourned so deeply. Before there were only passing references to the contrast between the manners of the heroic age and the revolutionary passions, the misery and the cure of which were to living men alike unbearable. We may be sure that he would have spoken frankly of the evils, traced them to their fountain-head, and described their natural outcome in the break-down of the whole social fabric. He professes to write history with a moral purpose, and if his aim, as stated by himself is somewhat narrow, he certainly ennobles it by his sympathy for what is good and pure.

The merits and defects of oratorical training.—Livy began to write probably with a moral aim, but he certainly brought to the composition of his work the tastes and training of an orator, and round that central feature we may group many of the characteristics of his style. It was natural for Polybius to write what he called 'pragmatic history,' in which to study the causes of social progress and the laws which governed the relations of the different sides of national life, and of the different races which played a part together or in succession on the stage. But Livy would appeal to the emotions more than to the philosophic judgment. He chooses especially the topics which lend themselves

to a dramatic treatment, like the excitement and the pomp of war with all its thrilling pictures of the tramp of armies, and the fall of pillaged cities, and the carnage of the battle-field. Even the rivalry of interests and the clash of civil factions he throws into dramatic form, developing in lengthy speeches the claims and grievances of either side. with all the varied colour and intensity of living passions. We have therefore a gallery of brilliant pictures and historic portraits full of vivid and pathetic touches, but we have also many a commonplace of rhetoric, and many a diffuse description of an unimportant scene, suited doubtless to the taste of the readers of his own day, and true to the maxims of the schools, but dull and wearisome to us. We are often disappointed when we come to matters which require patient analysis and not stage effects or showy treatment; civil struggles are obscure because the motives and the issue are never carefully explained; a long war like the Samnite leaves no definite memories because he fails to give us an account of the guiding policy and strategic aims. Tactics and geography do not stir his fancy, and for want of a little study of them he often throws but scanty light on a battle or campaign. The sides of social life which do not lend themselves so easily to oratorical display, like economic data, or the principles of law, or the nice points of the constitution, are only noticed in a few brief words, or drop out of his pages altogether.

The beauty of his style.—While referring to the more brilliant side of Livy's talents the ancient critics praised his eloquence with one accord. The habit of inserting lengthy speeches in the narrative was a common one in Greece and Rome, and few ventured to object that it was hardly natural for the sentiments of all alike, whether soldier or statesman, foreigner or Roman, to flow uniformly forth in the same harmonious periods. It may make the work seem less historical to us, but it was no blemish to the Roman reader, and in this respect the books of Livy would have satisfied

the taste of his own age, as they actually found favour with so keen a critic as Quintilian. But their language refers in part also to the graces of his style (*mirae facundiae, jucunditatis*), and of those it seems difficult to speak too highly. Full of poetic finish as it passes lightly over the fancies of the legendary age, weighty and sonorous when it carries with it the debates of the Forum or the Senate, it can be very tender and pathetic when it describes the sufferings of the weak and helpless, or strikes upon the chords of human sympathy. Scarcely any writer is so many-sided, so free from mannerisms and monotony in the choice of words, in the grammatical structure of his sentences, or in the rhythm of his periods. Richer in colour and in fancy than the easy simplicity of Caesar, his style does not seem to be striving for effect and epigram like Sallust's, nor surfeit us with pregnant brevity like that of Tacitus, but like the river's stream, it varies in its local form and colour with the tracts through which it flows.

Supposed Patavinity.—A severe censor like Asinius Pollio might affect to see in Livy's style the traces of the author's Patavinity, as in a different way Niebuhr was reminded by it of the rich colouring of the Venetian painters, but we can scarcely understand the meaning of the adverse criticism, though it evidently points to some provincial flavour in his words or phrases, brought with him it was thought from his native Padua, which offended the fastidious ear of some literary circles in the capital.

But the popular verdict was expressed in very different language, and Livy seems to have been raised almost at once to the first place in the prose literature of Rome. A few years before and Cicero had complained that there was scarcely any Latin history to compare with the great works of Greece, and had dismissed in a few contemptuous phrases the claims of the annalists to such an honour. He would have owned, had he lived on a generation later, that the reproach could be justly urged no longer. As a natural result the earlier chronicles remained unread in

the dust of the great libraries, and the Latin world speedily accepted Livy as the accredited historian of the great Republic. So decisive was this popularity, that ere long Caligula, who could bear no rival near the throne, talked in his mad caprice of putting under his imperial ban two authors, Virgil as the representative of Latin poetry, and Livy as the acknowledged master in the domain of prose.

His general popularity—due to style, to moral earnestness.—This was largely due, no doubt, to the varied beauties of his style, which was far superior to that of any rival in the same literary fields. But many other causes tended to the same result. His moral earnestness and high religious feeling were in full accord with the marked change of public sentiment that followed closely on the Revolution. The active statesmen and the Roman world of letters had been for the most part until lately hopeless and unbelieving to the core, affected by the frivolous tone of the Greek sceptics, frankly Epicurean in their morals, and speculatively balancing their Academic doubts in matters of reason and of faith. It had been a time of upheaval and revolt against authority and ancient usage; the national creeds had lost their hold, and there were no others to replace them. But the Empire ushered in an age of reconstruction, and the new principles of Law and Order sought alliance with a sterner sense of Duty and of reverent Faith. This was due not only to the personal influence of Augustus, who rebuilt the decaying temples and sharpened the sanctions of morality, but the movement was continued under other rulers. The Stoic dogmas found a wide acceptance and gave far higher guidance to the enlightened conscience; finer sentiments found utterance in the pages of the moralists, and literature of all kinds became more earnest and devout. Livy's work first struck the note, which was taken up by other voices, and discordant sounds grew gradually fewer.

His generous and tolerant temper.—The first generation of the Empire was an age also of amnesty

and toleration. The vanquished parties were left to rest in peace, while the subject world willingly accepted the régime which secured it the blessings of repose and began an era of material prosperity before unknown. It was with a sigh therefore of relief that, now that the temple of Janus had been closed, men contrasted the turmoil and the miseries of the Civil Wars which filled a large part of Livy's books with the tranquillity which they at last enjoyed. But they were in no mood to see injustice done to the champions of the fallen cause. So many had borne a part in it themselves, or had at stake the reputation of their kinsmen, that the people's history must not be written in the spirit of a partisan, but must show generous forbearance to the failure and the follies of the leaders of the Revolution. It was one of Livy's crowning merits—one which we may fail to note aright because the books which would illustrate it best are lost—that he was so tolerant and large-hearted in his estimates of public men. He was, said ancient critics, *candidissimus auctor* (Seneca), unsparing of his praises of all that was excellent in human nature, slow to impute unworthy motives, or to taint and fly-blow a character by mean suspicions. Augustus might call him a Pompeian in reproachful jest, for treating the republicans with such respect, but he had no covert satire to resent in the praises of his conquered rivals. The nobles of Rome too, discontented as they were, must own that while the historian pointed to the undoubted gains of peace and order, he had no word of fulsome flattery to lavish on the Imperial Ruler.

His conformity to the standard of his age.—To understand this popularity we should remember also that every age has its own standard, and that Livy amply satisfied their ideal of what a history should be. We may think him a little blind at times to the greed and violence and sophistry of the old Roman character, but they regarded it as natural enough that a writer should deal tenderly with his country's reputation, and in treating of her foreign wars should give, not so much an impartial verdict on the justice of her cause, as an

eloquent glorification of success. The rhetorical features which perhaps offend us by their constant repetition did not jar upon their taste, for the Roman genius was prone to somewhat high-pitched and emphatic moods; and oratory, which played so large a part in public life, had retired only to the schools of declamation, through which it still influenced the public taste, and left its mark on many a literary work. We look for philosophic handling of great subjects, as did Sempronius Asellio, who complained that the preceding annalists had written stories to please children rather than histories for grown up men, but Livy's readers found materials enough for thought in the general lessons of moral corruption and decay which he exhibited in concrete form in the story of the Eastern wars, and in the long agony of the Revolutionary struggles. The annalistic treatment which disturbed the natural connection of events in earlier books gives place as he goes on to a freer treatment of the subject, where the causal relation is brought out more clearly, and the speculative interest is more deeply stirred.

It may perhaps be said too that our historic study tends to become so laboriously minute, to follow up so many distinct threads of thought, to analyze so many scientific problems, to explain so much to satisfy the curious reason, that there is danger that the play of the dramatic action may be too long arrested, and the living forces fail to stir our hearts.

To the ancients history was not a science but an art, and it found in Livy a keen sense of beauty, and a graceful and most varied style. It was not a dissertation but a drama, and his scenes are full of movement, and his characters embodied passions. It was not a fragment but a living unity: the long career of the Republic was his theme; its stages from childhood to decay passed before the reader in the several parts of the great connected whole which was to furnish to the coming generations well-nigh all that Rome cared to know henceforth about her past.

CHAPTER III.

THE AGE OF THE KINGS.

The early legends.—The first book brings before us many of the legendary tales which clustered round the rude beginning of the city's life. Gods and demi-gods are seen to walk upon the solid earth, and no chilling gusts of doubt disperse the eery forms that flit awhile in the dim twilight of romantic fancy. We see Æneas, pious son of heavenly Venus, arrive from far-off Troy, and land upon the coast of Latium, where he weds the fair Lavinia, and braves the hate of the suitors and neighbours of his Latin queen. The legend soon wafts him from our sight, and leaves him only to the fancy as a guardian spirit, watching over the fortunes of the long line of princes who left little but their names to mark the course of some three hundred years during which the Trojan dynasty held rule at Alba. And then at last the story brings us to the Palatine, and points out the well-known scenes familiar to the reverent fancy of a later age. There is the hill-side where the Arcadian Evander worshipped the Lycaean Pan and named the spot after the Pallanteum of his native land. Yonder is the cave where Cacus hid the stolen kine of Hercules, and paid for the outrage with his life; hard by is the grot where Mars came down to woo his earthly bride, the princess Rhea Silvia, condemned by an usurper to pine for ever in a cloistered life. We see the swollen Tiber overflow its bed, and reach the spot where the young twins were left to die by a jealous uncle's order, but the waters tenderly bear up the tiny cradle, and leave it safely stranded on the dry hill-side, where the wolf suckles the children with her cubs, and the shepherd's wife comes up in time to

save them, like Pharaoh's daughter to the infant Moses. The God of War watched over his children, who lived a hardy life among the shepherds, or in conflict with the outlaws of the woods. So might he also bless the sturdy and adventurous race who were one day to follow the wolf's nurslings and found a new city on the banks of Tiber.

The reign of Romulus.—'Good onset bodes good end,' we know, but the first days of Rome were clouded by ominous signs of future strife. The twins dispute about the hill where they shall build, and when the signs from heaven point out that the Palatine must be the site, still the quarrel is not ended till the hand of Romulus stains the rising walls with a brother's blood. The settlers, few in number at the first, are forced to offer an asylum to the outlaws who flock thither from other lands; the neighbouring peoples look askant at the new-comers, and refuse to give their daughters to such questionable suitors. But they are too masterful to brook refusal, and take advantage of a festive gathering to carry off their brides by force, as the sons of Benjamin took wives of the virgins who came out to dance at Shiloh. The injured fathers fly to arms to rescue or avenge their daughters. Some march in hot impatience, thinking only of the justice of their cause, but give way before the Roman valour, while their leader falls by the hand of Romulus, who offers up to Jupiter Feretrius the prize—the so-called *spolia opima*—of the arms taken from a chieftain slain by another in fair fight. The Sabines move more slowly, but their onset is more terrible. The height of the Capitoline falls into their hands, for the maid Tarpeia, won by the promise of their glittering bracelets, opens an unguarded gate, through which they pass, shewering not their trinkets but their shields upon the traitress, whose warning story links her name to the Tarpeian rock. And now the rival hosts are parted only by the space between the hills; the shock of war is felt in what was to be in after days the forum, the very centre of the busy life of Rome. But lo! between the combatants appear

the cause of all the strife, once Sabine maids, now Roman matrons, who with loud entreaties beg the warriors to stay their arms, since every fatal blow would make an orphan or a widow of those they love so well. Husbands and fathers listened to the cry and sheathed their swords; two peoples, each with its own king, lived together as one race side by side upon the neighbouring hills. Other nations felt their growing power and the martial ardour of their king, till in due time, as men believed, the God of War would have Romulus his son beside him, and caught him up to heaven in a whirlwind.

Numa.—The Sabine Numa mounted next upon the throne, a man of piety so rare that while he reigned heaven seemed brought nearer to the earth, and peace and good-will prevailed among his people. The ceremonial forms and ordinances of religion were his special care. To him a later age ascribed its calendar of holy days, and the priestly brotherhoods which watched over the ritual of religious life. Men thought that all he said or did was inspired by more than human insight, and later ages pointed out the grotto of Egeria where, so ran the tale, the immortal Nymph deigned to pour into his ears her mystic lore. Then first in those days of unbroken peace was the shrine of Janus closed, the symbol of security which for centuries was only once repeated, till after the victory at Actium Augustus once more barred the doors almost in the year when Livy's history was begun.

Tullus Hostilius.—Tullus Hostilius, the third king was far more of the soldier than the priest. He quarrelled with Alba, mother city as she was whence the first founders of Rome had issued, but to spare more general bloodshed three brothers on each side, themselves the children of two sisters, entered the lists to do battle for their country. At the first charge two Romans fell, but the one Horatius was left unhurt, while the Alban Curiatii were all wounded. He feigned to fly while his opponents dragged themselves after him as best they could, and pressed forward with un-

equal speed. And so he drew them on till they were far parted from each other, then turned at last and smote them singly down ere each could strike a blow to help the others. The victor was led home in triumph, but on his way his sister met him, only to see her brother decked with the spoils of her betrothed, who had just fallen by his hand. She could not stay her grief, but her wail of agony stung the victor to the soul, and he dealt her a death-blow with the words, 'So die whoever grieves when the enemies of Rome have fallen.' The murderer was condemned to die, but the people to whom appeal was made, horror-stricken though they were, spared him his doom, for to old Roman eyes the love of country was a nobler thing and a more abiding duty than the love even of parent or of child. Alba, pledged as she was to serve as an ally, played a treacherous part in the next war, but vengeance was not long delayed. Her ruler Mettius was bound between two cars, whose horses furiously driven asunder dragged his mangled limbs to pieces. His subjects were forced to leave their ancient home, and people a new quarter of Rome upon the Coelian hill, while the old city was levelled to the ground. For this romantic story of the fall of Alba evidence was found in the tombs of the champions who fought on either side, and of the Horatia who fell a victim to her grief, in the senate-house which was built for the counsellors of a people thus enlarged, and was called *Hostilia* after the king's name, as well as in the memories of clans who traced their origin in after days from Alba. With it were linked also by tradition two of the oldest formularies known, whose rude Latinity and antique style date from the text-books of a primitive age: one that of the solemn ritual of treaty guarded by the college of the fetials, the servitors of international law; the other drawn up for the use of the two Ministers of Justice, avengers of blood, as we may call them, from whose grasp Horatius appealed.

Ancus Martius.—Ancus Martius, who succeeded,

was looked upon in later times as the father of the *Plebs* or Commons, for he enclosed the Aventine and quartered on it many thousands of the settlers from the conquered towns of Latium. From this reign dated ancient forms long afterwards in use among the fetials whenever they crossed the frontier to claim redress for injuries done, or to declare war against the offending power. To it also were ascribed the oldest bridge in Rome—the *pons sublicius*—and the fort on the Janiculum to which it led, as also Ostia, the ancient port of Rome.

The dynasty of the Tarquins.—With the dynasty of the Tarquins the horizon widens. The legend brings them from Etrurian Tarquinii, and a generation further back from Corinth. The adventurous Lucumo seeks a new home where the alien may suffer from no stigma, and lo! at the very gates of Rome an eagle bears away his cap in flight, but only to replace it soon upon his head. Tanaquil, his Tuscan wife, can read the portent and see in it the pledge of future greatness, and what the fates ordain, his wealth and courtesy and tact secure. A favourite soon alike in the court and with the people, he mounts upon the throne when the old ruler dies, whose sons must wait awhile their chances of succession.

Their great works.—Now we may see the features of an age of foreign influence and grander aims. From this period date the great works of the kings, the vast sewers (*cloacae*) vaulted with colossal blocks, the lines of walls which our own days have seen uncovered, the Circus Maximus where Rome made holiday, the temples built to lodge the deities of Greece, with other products of Hellenic art. Changes such as these no doubt did violence to many a scruple, seemed perhaps to set at nought the fears of the old priesthoods and the fancied will of heaven. In token of this a later age pointed to the statue of Attius Navius, the famous augur, holding in his hands the razor with which he cut the whetstone through, to convince the mocking king who thought meanly of his art, that man could do by

faith whatever the portents of the gods foretold. The story of the times is rife with marvels, and soon the king is startled by another.

Servius Tullius.—The son of a bondwoman, or a captive princess, for so fancy explained the name of Servius Tullius, was sleeping calmly in the palace, when flames were seen to light upon his head, and curl and flicker harmlessly around him. The queen was quick to read therein the will of heaven. She reared the lad to man's estate, gave him her daughter's hand in marriage, and smoothed his way to mount the throne. And then begins that tragedy of horrors with which the story of the dynasty was closed. Assassins hired by the jealous sons of Ancus murdered the old Tarquin, but with the help of Tanaquil and the favour of the people Servius stepped at once into the vacant place, and began the work which linked his name for ever to the extension of the city and the constitution of the State. Three hills, the Viminal, Quirinal, Esquiline, were brought within the circuit of the walls which bore his name, while the citizens, ranged in classes according to their means, voted or fought in centuries where each man knew his place.

Tarquinius Superbus.—But the peaceful work of statesmanship was soon cut short by the ambition of a younger Tarquin, married like his brother to a daughter of the king. We need not dwell upon the dark features of the story, or describe at length the crimes by which Tarquinius the Proud made his way up to the throne, how brother and wife were swept aside by poison that two paramours might wed in peace, how a reckless woman lashed her horses over a father's fallen body to seize the crown she would not wait for, and bespattered with his blood the stones of what was called thenceforth 'the accursed street.' Tradition told of a people wearied out by taskwork to indulge their ruler's pride of power, of neighbouring states cajoled by fraud or overawed by force, of the king's sister's son constrained to hide his natural temper under the cloak of folly and the name of

Brutus, of the insolent license of the younger members of the house, and of the grievous wrong done to the chaste Lucretia by a prince's lust. But this was more than they could bear, and an explosion of fierce passion hurled the tyrants from their seat of power, and drove them forth to exile and an ignoble grave.

The way in which these legends grew up.—Such were the legends of the Regal Age, which had linked themselves to venerable scenes, or grown up round old usages and names as artless wonder gave them birth. Livy's narrative flows calmly on with no apparent protest or misgiving at the marvellous features of the story. A halo gathered round the cradle of the State, and he was well content to see the figures of the past loom in unearthly grandeur through the mist. But the story was not written out till centuries after any of the kings had ceased to reign, and there could be little evidence to point to save the dim memories and floating fancies which gradually crystallised around fixed points. For we may note that almost every legend gathers round some spot in Rome, some ancient phrase or ceremonial usage, which may serve not indeed to prove its truth but to explain its growth. Some in the very sound or look suggested a meaning to the wondering fancy: thus Servius must have been a bondmaid's son, and the 'accursed street' be named after a scene of horror, and later forms of marriage naturally point to the old story of the Sabine brides. We must remember also that the spirit of Roman law was rigorously formal, and every public act must have its proper symbol and its prescriptive phrase. The very words of these were sacred, and as such noted in the text-books of the priests, with the earliest precedents of which record could be found. Out of such explanatory stories, and the scattered hints in books of ritual, variously enlarged in the course of many generations and often with conflicting versions, grew at last the narrative, such as we have it, of the Regal Period of Rome.

The ballad theory.—Were there any lays or

ballad-poems, we may ask, which embodied such beliefs, and gave a definite shape and substance to what might else have been but vague traditions? It is possible that there were such. It was natural enough in early days to chaunt in rude verse the chieftain's praises or stirring tales of marvellous adventure. Most peoples have had such verse before a literature in prose was born, though the old Roman genius was of no poetic type, and little tuned to dalliance with the Muses. But even assuming that there were such ballads we have no data to determine what they were or of what date, nor if we had them would they help us much to disentangle the threads of fiction from the homely truth.

Historical traces of the regal period.—Unlike the early kings of whom we read elsewhere in classic story, those of Rome succeeded by election and by no hereditary right. We find some evidence of this in the usage and the name of *interrex*, given to the senators in later days who stepped for a while into a vacant place till a new magistrate could be appointed. Tradition indeed, as we have seen, makes the choice so free and open that even aliens are called at times to mount the throne. But there is little in the story as we find it to account for the horror of Royal Power which seems to have been a strong and abiding sentiment at Rome, so much so that the dread of it was turned with fatal force against ambitious statesmen, when the ominous cry was raised in party struggles that any of them was plotting to make himself a king. It was no genuine experience of misrule, for there is little such recorded in the legends, but the distasteful facts of Eastern royalty surrounded by its servile crowds which branded the lesson on the Roman conscience. Livy does not throw any light upon this subject, excepting in so far as he uses his darkest colours for the picture of the later Tarquin, and sees the charter of Roman liberty in the Valerian law, passed in the early years of the Republic, which denounced the would-be monarch as an outlaw.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EARLY COMMONWEALTH TO THE DESTRUCTION OF ROME BY THE GAULS.

The early Commonwealth.—The Regifuge, or Banishment of the Tarquins, prepared the way for the Republic. The place of the king was taken by two consuls, holding office only for a year, and assisted by the Senate, the great Council of the State. Below was the Assembly (*Comitia*) of the Burghers ranged in Classes and Centuries according to the amount of land each owned. At first the people watch with jealous fears over their new-born freedom. The whole clan of the Tarquins must retire, even Collatinus, consul though he was, and husband of Lucretia the victim of the banished prince. Then Valerius excites suspicion because his house frowns like a fort from the hill-top, and he must build down in the valley, and lower his *fasces*—symbol of his rank—before the sovereign people. That done he might go on to win their favour, and be styled *Publicola*, 'the people's friend,' for his laws which denounced kingly power, and secured for the oppressed right of appeal to their own order.

Its dangers from within.—But the young Republic had not yet made good her claim to rule herself. The first danger came from enemies within. Noble malcontents conspired to bring back the Tarquins, and among them the sons of the very Brutus who had stirred the State against them. A loyal slave, Vindicius, disclosed the plot. The patriot father in his consul's dress pronounced their doom, and saw un-

moved the heads of his own children roll upon the scaffold.

Lars Porsena.—That peril past, Lars Porsena of Clusium mustered his Etrurian hosts to reinstate an old ally. They swept all before them as they marched, and startled Rome saw the enemy upon the heights, and the bridge almost within their grasp. One hero, Horatius Cocles, stood at bay against a host, and held his ground till the citizens had cut the bridge behind him, then plunged into the stream, and made his way in safety to the bank. For centuries a bronze statue in the Forum bore his name, and as they passed it fathers told their children the story of that gallant deed. Roman pride dwelt fondly also on the picture of the bold Mucius, who started forth alone to slay Porsena among his royal guards, and when detected thrust his hand into a blazing fire to show what was the temper of a Roman's courage, saying that three hundred such as he had sworn to kill the king. Half in fear and half-admiring the enemy withdrew his forces, and left Rome free to choose her rulers, and to echo the praises of the bold Mucius, whom they called Scaevola, 'the left-handed.' He even left, so generous was his mood, his camp stores and the trappings of his tent, which the people sold by auction as they pleased, and from age to age men told the story when they used the familiar proverb that 'the goods of king Porsena were up for sale,' or as they passed along the 'Tuscan street.' There were indeed other and less flattering stories which implied that Rome was conquered, and in token of her degradation made to beat her iron arms to ploughshares; but this only showed how little certainly was known, and Livy's national pride preferred to dwell upon the brighter side of the tradition.

The Latin League.—Then the League of the Latin Towns struck a last blow for the old Tarquin. So great was the alarm at Rome that it seemed needful that one strong hand should wield the forces of the State now that all was to be risked upon a single die.

The two consuls must give place to a dictator, from whom there might be no appeal, and whom no citizen dare refuse to serve. The leaders fought like Homeric chieftains in the ranks at the battle of the Lake Regillus, and fell in that 'Mort of Heroes' on the fatal field.

Legends of local growth.—Men fancied that they saw the divine brothers, Castor and Pollux, in the foremost ranks, and that they vouchsafed to bear the tidings of the victory to Rome. But Livy would not crowd his page with marvels, and tells us only of the general's vow to build the temple, which was raised to them in the Forum when the war was over. Indeed as before we see the stories growing round the monuments or scenes of Rome. The Campus Martius was part of the banished Tarquin's land, seized by the State, and hallowed to the god of war; the crops cut upon it and flung into the Tiber formed the first beginning of the island which soon rose above the stream. The name even of the faithful slave Vindicius was thought to be the source of the form in which freedom was often given, 'per vindictam.'

Discontent and Discord.—The scene suddenly is changed, and we see only distress and discontent within the city. The rich oppress the poor, and make bondsmen of their debtors. But general terms may fail to touch us, so to stir the imagination of the reader an old man is brought before us, disfigured with unkempt hair and squalid rags, but known by the bystanders as a veteran who had served bravely in a post of honour. As the crowd gathered round him he began to tell how a border foe had burnt his homestead and driven away his flocks, till he was forced to borrow money to restock his farm. But the interest of the loan took all he had, and his creditors at last laid hands upon him, and forced him to work like a galley-slave beneath the lash. To prove his tale the scars of the cruel blows were still to be seen upon his back. The crowd is all aflame at what it hears, and clamours loudly for redress. First they try to stop

the levies, but are won awhile by fair words or national pride, till at last they rise against the nobles, and draw sullenly aloof to the Mons Sacer, a few miles from the city, where they claim as the price of peace to have Tribunes of their choice, to be the spokesmen of their wrongs and the guardians of their order, and as such *sacrosanct*, or screened by law from personal outrage. A few words of explanation here are needed.

The early history of the Plebs.—Primitive Rome seems to have grown out of a union of houses (*gentes*), each of which lived with its own slaves and retainers (*clients*) as a patriarchal whole. The house-fathers (*patres*) came together as a council or a Senate to debate on questions which concerned them all. Trade and war gathered others round them, who were not bound by any of these corporate ties—immigrants or conquered peoples or clients whose clan-leaders had died out. Such may have been the *plebs* at first, growing fast in numbers and importance, as the later kings enlarged their borders, or strengthened the Third Estate against the nobles. The downfall of royalty destroyed the balance, and the *plebs* lost their natural protectors, till they gained Tribunes in their stead. But troubled times bore hardly on husbandmen of scanty means. Border warfare ruined their homesteads or destroyed their crops. There was little capital, and bad security, and the rate of interest was very high, while to protect the lenders the laws of debt were terribly severe. The older families alone had hoards to lend, and history pourtrayed them as hard Shylocks, who would have their 'pound of flesh.' Again and again therefore in the earlier ages we hear of economic evils, and the State is appealed to for relief. Sometimes the cry is to protect the person of the debtor, who may no more be bound or sold to slavery in default of payment. Now the rate of interest must be lowered, and a maximum enforced by law; or at the worst the burden must be lightened, and creditors be forced to accept a part in payment of the whole. The present aspect of each grievance

is often vividly described by Livy, as in the story of the veteran above. We see the sturdy yeoman leave his homestead for the wars, and come back only to find wife and children homeless; we see the bonds of usury tighten on him, and hear at last the fetters clanking on his limbs as he drudges hopelessly for a hard master. The passionate sympathy, the widespread discontent, the clamours for redress are pictured to our fancy or reflected in the speeches of the people's leaders. But his pages do not always show us *how* each grievance is redressed, or the popular clamour silenced. The first cry is from the ruined debtors, and it leads to a secession which secures no change in the laws of debt, but instead the appointment of the Tribunes. Then the stir is for allotments of the State domain, but after a while that dies away, and its place is taken by a movement for a code of written law. There is no explanation offered why one thing is asked for and another given, nor indeed as to how far the social evils have been cured. But we can see that meantime the plebs is feeling its own strength, and we can trace the several stages of its self-assertion. Obscure as is its social movement, its political progress is defined more clearly.

The progress of the Plebs.—In the tribunes it had recognised champions; it secured a regular assembly (*comitia tributa*) as a machinery for organised action, and the resolutions passed in it gained in due time the weight of law. Then it aspired to have the right of intermarriage with the nobles, and from that level to gain a place in all the offices of State. It was nearly a century before it made its way even to the lowest rank, among the *quaestors*, who were little more than clerks of the treasury, or paymasters in the camp (B.C. 421). That gained, it was easier to go forward. To save their pride, the dominant order spread for a time the name and powers of the *consuls* over a more numerous board, styled *Consular Tribunes*, among whom the plebs might hope to have a place. But at length, after fifty years of ceaseless struggle, the Li-

cinian laws seated a plebeian *consul* as of right in the first rank (B.C. 367), and after that it was a question of a few years only when a *dictator* of like birth should be called on in the hour of need to save his country, and the privileged houses should be forced to see their rivals hold the *censorship* with all its large powers of control over the civic status and the Senate's roll, and the *praetorship* even, with its rights of jurisdiction, which had been long and jealously maintained.

General conditions of the struggle.—There is no clear and comprehensive sketch in Livy of these changes, owing perhaps to the arrangement of his Annals by which the events of every year are separately stated, and there is much repetition in describing the debates and character of the party struggles. If we gather up the general features which recur most often we shall see that the patricians throughout were the war-party, ready to meet the movement of reform by the cry that the enemy was in the field and Rome's honour was at stake. At other times they trusted to the spell of their haughty self-assertion, to the social influence of their ancestral dignities, to the voting power of their clients or retainers, to the intrigues by which they fostered strife among the tribunes, to timely concessions to the gathering storm, at times even to strong-handed violence to overawe opponents, or to scandalous abuse of the machinery of the State religion, through which they might find some bar or technical objection to any public act. The commons however had time and numbers on their side. Their champions could stop the levies, if need were, by screening the citizen who would not answer to the call, by fiery appeals to the outraged feelings of their order, by arraigning insolent nobles before the popular assembly, and by persistent pressure of their measures of reform in the teeth of constant opposition. These are the commonplaces of the great constitutional struggle.

Apologue of Menenius Agrippa.—But such are not the social topics in which Livy finds most interest.

There are others interspersed, which better admit of a pictorial treatment. Such is the scene in which Menenius Agrippa, envoy of the nobles to the commons on the Sacred Mount, tells them the homely parable of the belly starved by the discontented members who refuse to work for it any more, but soon find out to their cost that 'if one member suffers, the other members suffer with it.'

Story of Coriolanus.—Another tale caught Shakspeare's fancy and passed by his hand into an English dress. The young Marcius, who gained a name from conquered Corioli, was a hot noble, hateful to the plebs, whom the tribunes hounded on against him. Popular fury drove him from the land to seek a home among the Volscians, the enemy he once had routed. They gladly gave him house and honours, trusted him even with their army in the field. Rome woke one day in panic to find her bravest son scouring the plain of Latium and marching to her gates. Resistance seemed hopeless, but entreaties might prevail. Envoys, magistrates, and venerable priests pleaded for mercy, but in vain, till as a last hope his wife and mother went forth with a long line of noble matrons and moved his stubborn heart to shame. He led his Volscian forces homeward, and they who loved him saw his face no more.

It does not bear criticism.—We are taken by the story into the romantic realms of fancy, where sober doubts are out of place; else we might ask why the nobles gave their champion up so tamely to the fury of the people, and why the Romans cowered behind their walls like startled deer when he drew near, or why the Volscians followed him so blindly, alien though he was, and let him lead them back when the prize seemed in their grasp.

The self-devotion of the Fabii.—In impassioned rhetoric he describes the gallant offer of the Fabian house to keep watch and ward for Rome in the fortress on the Cremera in sight of the old enemies of Veii. No clan bore a nobler name, or was more

rich in generals and statesmen. Year after year seven members of the family were consuls, and now it volunteered to bear the brunt of danger in the field. We see the warriors before us pacing in slow procession through the gate—ill-omened afterwards to Roman eyes—followed by the blessings and glad hopes of thousands, but only to fall soon after in the fatal ambuscade, from which only one youth at Rome was spared to save his family from extinction.

Homely simplicity of Cincinnatus.—When occasion offers Livy loves to dwell upon the rude simplicity of primitive manners in contrast to the luxury and license of his own days. He gladly draws a moral from the homely life of Cincinnatus, who was called in the supreme hour of need to save the State. The messengers went in haste to summon the dictator, to tell him that the army was surrounded by the Aequian forces, and that his country called him to the rescue: but they found him stripped almost to the skin, with his oxen harnessed to the plough on the tiny farm which bore his name in later days. He donned the general's dress and marshalled his volunteers for service, and after speedy victory laid down his office to go back in sixteen days to guide his plough.

Examples of patrician insolence.—In contrast to such modest worth he pourtrays for us patrician insolence in all its darker moods, now with the petulance of youth assaulting quiet citizens in wanton riot, now abusing the dignity of magistrate and judge till it provoked the cry for a fixed statute law, or for provisions to limit magisterial license, such as issued finally in the Commission of *Decemvirs*, entrusted for a time with ample powers to keep the peace and make the laws as sole agents of the State.

The Claudian family.—One family, the Claudian, beyond all others is singled out to point a moral and illustrate the characteristic fixity of Roman types. An Appius Claudius is always headstrong and adventurous, impatient of restraints of law, full of audacious self-reliance and haughty contempt for all

below him. Livy never seems to weary, though his readers may, of descriptions of their proud words and insolent deeds, which bring them into conflict with the commons and its leaders.

Appius Claudius the decemvir.—None is described with more detail of circumstance than Appius Claudius the decemvir. He was the moving spirit, as it appeared, of the new board of ten co-regents, whose character was seen to change entirely, as he gave the word. In their first year of office they were intent to rule with justice and to frame good laws, and when men heard that their work was not quite done, they were well-pleased to give some of them at least another year of power. But all at once another mood came over Appius and his fellows. The new laws which were added to make up the code of the Twelve Tables put a ban on alliances between the orders; their rule was harsh and overbearing, a legalised machinery of greed and rapine. The year came to an end, but they gave no sign of leaving office. They braved the murmurs of the Senate and the brooding discontent of every class. But they carried their insolence too far at last. A gallant veteran, Siccius Dentatus, hero of a hundred fights, was left to die by his own general, like Uriah at a word from David, because his tongue had wagged too freely in the camp. At home a flagrant wrong done to the maid Virginia covered the name of Appius with infamy and roused people and soldiery alike to arms against his rule. He cast his lustful eyes upon the girl, and bade his freedman claim her as his slave, while he sat himself upon the seat of justice. Her kinsmen, her betrothed, her father even called in hot haste from the camp, were ready to disprove the charge, but Appius adjourned the case, and gave the claimant possession of her person, until the suit should be finally decided. Then the father in despair begged the officers to stay their hand a moment, led his daughter a few steps aside, and seizing a knife that lay upon a butcher's block hard by, took her life with his own

hand, since he knew not else in what way to save her honour.

Characteristic speeches in Livy.—Great as was the pictorial skill of Livy, we must own that the actors in the early history were often too shadowy and indistinct to live in our memory as real persons. But his undoubted powers found ample scope in the rhetorical handling of a great party question, where principles must be charged with electric currents by the passions, and brought in a concrete shape before the fancy. To this end he freely employs the speeches, often of great length, which he puts into the mouth of the chief agents. The ancient historians seldom scrupled to do this, and most of them took little trouble to make the speeches vary in their style, or cause the reader to forget the writer's skill in rhetoric. In Livy they contain the philosophy of the dramatic action. Instead of moralising on the lessons of a story, or tracing the intertwining causes and effects, he brings in the party leaders, like advocates before the bar, to exhaust all that can be urged on either side by appeal to reason or to feeling. The speakers may be else but little known, tribunes or consuls taken from the monumental rolls. We are not tempted to forget the historian in his subject, but we cannot but admire his skill in marshalling the topics that lead up to it, or group themselves around the main issue of the question in dispute.

The debate on the bill of Canuleius.—One of the earliest of such examples, where there is much fulness of detail, is to be found in the debate on the bill of Canuleius to sanction intermarriage between the rival orders of the State, the bar to which doubtless rested on old usage, and not, as Livy tells us, on a new law of the decemvirs. To the nobility the claim might well appear presumptuous, a breaking down of the old landmarks, an encouragement of the fond hopes of revolutionary spirits. It was not only a radical but irreligious change, for it tended to disturb the corporate relations which were consecrated by religious forms, and to need-

lessly offend the powers of heaven whose sanction was thus set at nought. As such it was alike an outrage in Church and State. But there were conclusive answers to such fears. The growth of the body politic thus far had been a series of innovations. New clans had been enrolled in early ages, and the proud Claudian itself was a late comer: all intercourse between these tended to efface the old distinctions, consecrated as they were by separate worships. The State Church should be something larger than the religious usages of any of its own component groups, and wrongs continued in the name of heaven were the worst outrage on the justice of the gods.

Party bias shown in story of Sp. Maelius.—In dealing with such questions Livy's impartiality comes out to view, or his power as an advocate to take up either side by turns and to do justice to its merits. In the great debate between the orders his sympathies seem fairly balanced, though the turbulent recklessness of the last tribunes, and the worthlessness of the Roman rabble of his own days, gravely affect his judgment in many a passage of old history. Even here it is most likely that he repeats without misgivings the prejudiced statements of some earlier chronicler, who wrote in the interest of his order or his party. We may probably ascribe to such a source the story in the form we have it of Spurius Maelius, the people's friend, whose liberal largesses of corn in time of dearth won wide-spread favour, till his head grew dizzy with the fumes of popular applause, and wild hopes of royal power fired his fancy. But his treasonous ambition, if such indeed, was doomed to speedy ruin, for the patricians, less patient than the later nobles, proclaimed martial law through a dictator before Maelius could call his friends to arms, and had him struck down as a traitor in the streets. Perhaps the story grew out of the regret of after times that the Senate could not dispose as easily of every pestilent tribune who would curry favour with the mob by loosing the purse-strings of the State. Yet men showed the

spot in after ages which was called the Aequimaelium, and was thought to be so named because the house of Maelius had been there levelled to the ground.

Obscurity and repetitions in early wars.—Political passions, however antedated, give life and vivid colouring to many of the themes in Livy's pages. But he is not always so successful when he treats of military matters. The wars of the Romans were for ages mainly border forays, petty skirmishes, and hasty sieges, tedious to dwell upon at any length. But year after year the earlier annalists whom he followed recounted the same incidents with like details, drew upon their fancy for rhetorical descriptions of a battle equally possible and valueless in any case, and shamelessly exaggerated the numbers of the slain. Livy's sober sense is shocked at times by the figures which he copies out. How could the same petty enemy, he asks, recruit so rapidly its losses, and put such vast armies in the field? He is weary, he confesses, of such monotonous accounts. But still, as before, he makes the Aequians and Volscians join hands behind the cover of the dark woods of Algidus, and pounce upon some Latin township, or spread terror through the Roman homesteads, till the legions arrive upon the scene and scatter them as dust before the wind. Still Etruscan towns are taken and retaken, and the din of arms is ever heard, but we can trace no order and no progress in the wars, and for a century or more the frontiers are not visibly extended.

The siege of Veii.—At length there comes a crisis. A great effort is made, and a crowning victory gained. Rome's rival and close neighbour Veii, often defeated in the field, is at last besieged in earnest. Winter and summer the beleaguered city is close watched, and the lines are drawn more closely, till after a siege well-nigh as long as that of Troy, she falls. Portents and mysterious signs meantime had not been wanting. The waters of the Alban Lake had risen high above their natural level, and none could tell the reason, till an old soothsayer made

captive by a Roman soldier told a prophecy which he had read in Etruria's sacred books that Veii was doomed to ruin when those swelling waters fell. It sounded like an idle tale, but the god Phoebus from his distant shrine at Delphi sent like warning, and at last a passage was cut through the solid rock to draw the flood away. Then the siege was pressed more closely, and pay given for the first time to the soldiers, who tunnelled their way beneath the rock to the middle of the citadel itself. Strange to tell, the besiegers burst through the mine in time to snatch from the priestly hands the very sacrifice which promised victory to those who offered it, and Juno's statue showed her willingness to quit the doomed city and betake herself to Rome. So signal was the triumph that there was much talk of moving Rome itself to the old site of Veii, or of founding a twin state between the two. Even the general himself was dizzied by success, claimed the honours due to heaven, or the right to deal too freely with the spoil, till the people grew suspicious, and were persuaded by his enemies to fix a slur upon his name. But this he could not brook, and left the city praying that the gods would soon make his countrymen regret their loss. Nor was the answer long delayed.

The Invasion of the Gauls, B.C. 390.—The Gallic hordes had crossed the Alps long since, and settled in North Italy, but now stirred by some restless instinct they moved southward, sweeping all before them. First they fell upon Etruria, whose cities, engaged in a fierce struggle for life, had no strength or time to rescue Veii from her fate. Soon the invaders were at Clusium, which sent in haste to Rome for help, and envoys were despatched to warn the aliens to begone. But the ambassadors forgot their mission, and took part in an affray where a Gallic chieftain fell. Rome when appealed to would grant no redress, and the Gauls in their fierce anger raised the siege of Clusium, and marched with all speed on Rome. On Allia's fatal field the legions were routed almost with-

out a blow, and such was the panic that the gates were left unbarred; the city lay at the mercy of the Gauls, whose ranks were seen at sunset near the walls. They passed the gates upon the morrow, and roved as they pleased about the streets, where all was still. The citizens had fled away: only here and there an aged senator was sitting in his porch in perfect calm, while the wild strangers stared and wondered. At length the spell was broken. One of the old men smote with his ivory staff a Gaul who stroked his beard, and his gray hairs were soon dabbled in his blood, and all was given up to massacre and pillage. The Capitol alone held out, and that was nearly lost in an unlooked-for night assault. The enemies had almost scaled the ramparts, when the sacred geese of Juno gave the alarm, and the brave Manlius rushed up in time to beat off the assailants. But time went on and still no succour came, while famine thinned the ranks of the defenders. There was nothing for it but surrender on such terms as they could gain. The Gauls were ready to retire for a thousand pounds of gold by weight. But they brought false balances to test the sum, and on dispute their chieftain Brennus threw his sword into the scale, and cried *Vae victis*, 'woe to the conquered' who dispute the right of might. But in that hour of direst need unlooked-for help was near. Camillus had reformed meantime the scattered legions, and now arrived upon the scene, defied the Gauls to do their worst, and appealed in his turn to the decision of the sword. The battle ended in the total rout of the invaders, whose scattered hordes withdrew in haste to their old homes about the Po.

Destruction of Rome and of sources of early history.—But fire and sword meanwhile had made havoc of the city, which lay in ruins where all memorials of the past were swept away. For three centuries and a-half all history must rest on the insecure traditions which lived in the memory of the people, or gathered round great names, with few stable data of substantial fact defined by sure evidence of earlier

times. The scanty chronicles kept by the College of the Pontiffs, the family histories which gathered up the memories of noble houses, these or the like if they existed must have perished when Rome was fired and pillaged. Lists of the great officials were carried no doubt further back, but Livy's frequent hesitations as to the date of consuls or dictators prove that these lists were only the reconstructions of a later age for which sure data must have oftentimes been wanting.

CHAPTER V.

FROM THE INVASION OF THE GAULS TO THE END OF THE SAMNITE WARS.

Hard times at Rome.—The second half of the first decade opens with a time of gloom when Rome was slowly rising from her ruins, and the fierce marauders might return at any moment, and her old enemies were still on the alert. But the danger from without could not drown the din of jarring animosities within. After the losses of the past, capital was scarce and risk seemed great. The poor who had suffered heavily were loud in their complaint that the rich had no mercy on their helpless neighbours, but were pitiless in their enforcement of the law of debt. The landless clamoured for their portion of the ground that had been won as the frontiers were extended at their enemies' expense. The leaders of the Commons on their side were urgent that their legal right to rise to the consulship should be conceded.

Story of M. Manlius Capitolinus.—The patrician Manlius, styled Capitolinus for his timely defence of the citadel against the Gauls, was full of sympathy for the poor debtors and did his utmost to relieve them. His order looked upon him as a renegade and railed against him, going so far at last as to imprison him as a disturber of the peace. The clamours of the populace forced them to release him, but fired by ambition or revenge he stirred the plebs against the governing classes by wild charges which he could not prove. When put upon his trial again he touched

men's hearts by appealing to the Capitol which he had saved; his accusers had to adjourn and call the court elsewhere before they could have him doomed to death at last. He was followed to the grave by the hatred of his order, and their feelings found an echo in the language of the later annalists who handed down his story with all the treasonous imputations on his honour.

Supposed origin of movement for Reform.—It was left to the natural champions of the Commons to succeed by constitutional means where Manlius had wholly failed. The movement is ascribed by Livy, it is true, to very personal and petty causes. A noble, Fabius, had two daughters, married the one to a patrician, the other to a plebeian of distinction. The latter on a visit one day to her sister was startled by the *lictors* or bedells who smote with their staves upon the door, as they escorted home the master of the house, then serving in high office. Stung by her sister's mocking words as she expressed surprise, as well as by the deference of all around the husband, she went away to brood over the thought that no such honours could give lustre to her own plebeian home. Her father when he saw her foolish sorrow bade her take heart, for she might have her will one day. Then he took counsel with his son-in-law Licinius, and the issue of their schemes was a bold project of Reform.

The Licinian bills, B.C. 367.—Three bills, called the Licinian, were brought in together to deal at once with the three great questions of land, of debt, and honours. Put forward thus together they united in their favour the various classes of the malcontents, and were therefore sure of powerful support. The patricians strained every nerve to thwart the measures; they relied on the moral influence of the Senate: on the voting power of their clients: on the pressure of war and the levies for the legions: on dissensions sown among the tribunes: and at last on the appointment of a dictator to put down possible mob-riot. But the tribunes, C. Licinius and L. Sextius, were bold and resolute statesmen. Year after year they procured their

re-election as a pledge that the people were in earnest. They met the intrigues of the patricians with a startling blow, suspending all the elections through their tribunician veto, and thus bringing all the business of the State to a dead-lock. At length after a struggle of ten years the government sullenly gave way; the bills were passed, and as a symbol of the triumph Sextius became chief magistrate of Rome. There was nothing revolutionary in the laws affecting land and credit. As regards the latter the capitalists had to suffer somewhat for the relief of the hard-pressed, and to that end simple interest only and not compound might be reckoned on the debts, and payment be allowed by three annual instalments. The Agrarian measure had a further aim, and calls for some words of explanation.

Objects of Agrarian measures.—On the submission of a conquered enemy to Rome most of the land was left in the same hands, but a part was confiscated as the price of peace. Of this some was often sold to pay for the expense of the campaign, and some from time to time divided in small lots among the poorer citizens, who farmed them as they could. Often as the condition of the grant, they were forced to leave their homes and do their duty in the frontier garrisons, which though called by the same name as our modern colonies, served a military purpose in securing the conquests already made. The remainder of the land annexed was occupied by the great families, but not on any freehold tenure, and subject to the State's right to resume what was provisionally dealt with. But the occupants, or *possessores*, had never been disturbed: by the connivance of the chief officials wide tracts of land were parcelled out among a few landowners, and the tithes or other dues with which they had been saddled were allowed to fall into arrears, if not entirely remitted. Colonial allotments were resisted by the governing classes, who coveted the occupation of fresh lands, to the manifest neglect of the military and economic interests of Rome. To deal with this growing evil the Licinian law enacted a maximum of 500 jugera, beyond

which no citizen could hold any of the State-domain. The excess in any case was to be at once resumed, and care to be exercised in future grants. The measure brought immediate relief, and for a long time we hear no more of the Agrarian question.

Livy's account inadequate.—It must be owned that Livy's treatment of the struggle at this period is far from clear or adequate. It is not creditable to his judgment to accept a petty personal cause for a great movement, as in the foolish story which ascribed the policy of the Licinii to the wounded vanity of a daughter piqued by the status of a favoured sister who had passed into a patrician house by marriage. He never clearly states the nature of the constitutional weapons at the disposal of each order, nor explains how the struggle can have dragged on so many years. In dealing with the land-law more especially he betrays a want of analysis and of definite details. He says nothing of the State-domain, nor of the manner of its occupation and the growth of the estates which were the special object of this legislation. It is mainly by the light reflected from the period of the Gracchi, and from the descriptions given in other authors of the interests then in question, that we are able to understand the earlier movement.

The Legend of the Curtian Lake.—To relieve the graver themes of constitutional progress, the annalists of the period found a place for the story of the Curtian Lake, which illustrates most vividly the Roman ideal of self-devotion. A chasm yawned, so ran the tale, upon a sudden in the Forum, in the very centre of the busy life of Rome. It would not close again, and none could fill it up, and the scared people vainly asked the meaning of the portent, till the seers told them it was written that one offering could avail to close the gulf, but that must be the main source of all their strength. Men questioned what this offering could be, till Marcus Curtius a gallant soldier asked if any treasure could be more precious to the State than the arms and valour of her children, and as he spoke he stretched his hands

aloft in prayer to the deities in heaven, and then turned them downwards to the powers of the nether world; that done he spurred the horse on which he rode, and with one great plunge he launched himself into the yawning chasm, which closed over him for ever, while the populace was strewing its thank-offerings and fruits upon his heaving grave, on the spot which was called the Lacus Curtius in later ages.

Military progress.—There were few matters now at issue to disturb the harmony between the orders, and the military history exhibits the strength of the union thus secured. The career of conquest hitherto had been very slow and gradual, and few even of Rome's nearest neighbours were decisively subdued. But now instead of border forays we begin to hear of great wars undertaken; distinct armies operate in concert instead of the old desultory movements, race after race is beaten down, until within seventy years the whole of Central Italy is hers, and she takes rank already as one of the great Powers of the world. At the beginning of the period there were still occasional rumours of a 'Gallic tumult:' such was the name they gave to the excitement caused by the invaders from the North: roving bands made their appearance now and then in the neighbourhood of Rome, and national pride dwelt fondly on the laurels won in single combat by the heroes, like T. Manlius Torquatus, who gained a surname from the collar stripped from the body of the fallen Gaul, or like Valerius Corvus, who struck his foeman to the ground, thanks to the friendly crow which blinded his opponent in the hour of need. Greek corsairs even scoured the neighbouring seas, and once at least they landed on the coast of Latium, and made good their footing for a while against the natives, till at last they were beaten back upon their ships. None knew whence or how they came, though Livy thinks they must have been the navy of some Sicilian tyrant else unknown.

Discontent of the Latin League.—There was grave danger also from an unexpected quarter. For

more than a century the league of Latin towns had been faithful to their old alliance, and their soldiers had served in the wars beside the legions. They had borne the brunt of the attacks from the untiring enemies of the Aequian highlands and the Volscian lowlands, who could only join hands and strike at Rome through them. The frequent wars had left behind a fiery track of pillaged homesteads, and the thunder-cloud had often burst on them while it spared their powerful neighbour. They found themselves growing weaker, while Rome was gaining strength and profiting by the wars from which they suffered. No wonder that they grew impatient, and when Rome was struck down by the Gauls there was a restless stir of self-assertion in the plain of Latium, and some of the stronger cities drew themselves visibly aloof and talked of snapping the old ties for ever. News came to Rome that Latin deputies had met at the old trysting-place in the grove of Ferentina, and that they would send no soldiers to fight any more beside the legions. They would keep their forces for their own defence, and the proud city must take a humbler tone if she wished to have their help. But they were slow to move or to combine, and ere they knew it, the opportunity had passed away. The chance was given by Rome's first war with the Samnites.

The Samnites.—These highlanders of Central Italy were the proudest and most resolute of the men of the Sabellian stock, which had pushed gradually southward along the main ridge of the Apennines and spread under various names through the rugged mountain valleys from Sabinum almost to the Straits of Sicily. They clung for the most part to the rude habits of their simple life as shepherds and husbandmen, cherishing the primitive independence of their cantons, which they quitted only as their population outgrew its narrow limits, and fresh swarms went forth to right and left to find new homes. These poured over the inland valleys till they came into contact with the Etruscans in Campania and the Greek settlers on the southern coast, among whom

they sometimes lorded it as masters, while others sold their swords as soldiers of fortune to the highest bidder. The various branches of this wide-spread stock were only larger or smaller groups of scattered townships, bound to each other by a loose federal tie, with no vivid sense of national unity, rallying at times together for a strong spasmodic effort, which jarring interests rendered commonly shortlived or futile. One branch alone, the Samnites, seemed capable of fixed aims and organised coherence. Strongly intrenched already in their central highlands they exerted a powerful influence on the kindred races, as also on the mixed people, Etruscan, Greek, Sabellian, which occupied the fertile regions of Campania. They barred therefore Rome's progress southward, and she could only extend her frontiers at their expense. The cause of the strife between them is not far to seek. It began perhaps, as Livy tells us, in a dispute for ascendancy in the rich Campanian plains, but it ended in a struggle for existence.

Origin of the First Samnite War, B.C. 343.—The lowlanders of Capua had rashly meddled in a quarrel on their borders, and brought upon themselves the vengeance of the Samnites. They found themselves too weak not only to protect their neighbours, but even to defend their city into which they were driven in confusion. They sent messages in haste to Rome to beg for succour, but the Senate felt that it was bound by treaty not to take part in the struggle, and could not stir without a breach of faith. Then the envoys, acting on instructions given, made over by a formal act their city, lands, and all they had to Rome, and bade them deal as they would with what was now their own. The senators were moved to see a people once so potent brought to such a piteous plight, they were strongly tempted with the offer of the wealthy city with its rich domains, and sophistry might plead that no treaty could bar the natural right to protect what had already passed into their hands. They closed therefore with the offer and sent at once to the besiegers' camp to tell them what had taken place, and to warn

them that the subjects of Rome must be respected. The Samnites on their side were in no mood to be baulked of their prey without a struggle: they set at naught the idle claim and flung defiance in the teeth of Rome. The contest for the mastery was sharp and short. The general Valerius, whose surname *Corvus* recalled the legend of the heaven-sent crow, and who was popular as well as gallant, triumphed in a hard-fought battle near Mont Gaurus. The conquerors avowed that they had never met an enemy more worthy of their swords; the Samnites, brave as they were, gave way at last and fled by night, telling those who marvelled at their panic that the eyes of the Roman soldiers flashed with fire, and a strange frenzy gave them an unearthly force. The other consul marched meanwhile to attack the highlanders in their own valleys, but he nearly lost his army in the tangled country through which he rashly pushed his way, and was only rescued from the toils by the coolness and the daring of a military tribune, P. Decius Mus, thanks to whom a signal victory was gained. A third time they met in battle and with like result, and this brought the enemy soon afterwards to sue for peace, and shortly closed the first war against the Samnites.

The Mutiny among the Legions.—But one danger followed soon upon another. Ugly rumours soon were spreading that the Roman soldiers in Campania were covetously eyeing the wealth and luxury around them, and were plotting to seize Capua for their own hand, to exchange their rude life for ease and plenty. The generals were prompt and wary, and recalled the ringleaders to Rome. But they stopped short upon the road, suspecting danger, till other malcontents could join them, and the mutiny could spread among the legions. They found a Quinctius of high birth in his country-house, and him they forced under pain of death to be their leader; and soon they reached the city and were almost at the walls, when Valerius Corvus the veteran commander met them as an envoy from the Senate, and pleaded to their better feel-

ings, and won them back to discipline and honour. Their grievances were partially redressed, but Livy fails to throw much light upon their motives, or to connect them with the local causes of the outbreak.

Outbreak of the Latin War, B.C. 340.—The mutiny and Samnite war were over, and the Latins were still wavering in an attitude that was neither one of peace nor war. But now that the thunder-cloud had rolled away and their rivals' hands were free once more, they began to talk in more defiant tones, claiming their liberty of independent action; and encouraged by appeal made to them from Campania they armed without waiting for Rome's sanction, and at last venturing to send in their ultimatum. Instead of the old federal equality they claimed to have corporate fusion. There should be one central government, they urged, in which one consul and half the Senate should be Latin. Just as these demands might be in theory, they were far more than the old Roman pride could brook. To the consul of the year, Torquatus, they seemed too monstrous to be spoken of with patience. He would resist them to the last, he vowed, even if he stood alone, and would strike down with his own hand any Latin who dared to take his seat among the Senate. The sovereign deity of Rome would surely resent an intrusion so profane into his presence. But then, so ran the story dear to prejudiced ears, the Latin envoy, Annius, mocked in bold defiance of the wrath of heaven, and straightway, as in answer, came the crash of thunder, and men saw the lifeless form of Annius falling down the marble steps of the temple in which the Senate met. The long smouldering fire burst out at once, and it remained only to appeal to the decision of the sword. They prepared for strife in solemn earnest, for each knew the temper of the other, and was little tempted to despise his foe. Their soldiers had served as comrades side by side on many a hard-fought field; their discipline and tactics were the same; their kinsmen had settled together as colonists on the land their

arms had won; and the coming conflict must have seemed to them like civil war. The generals chosen for the crisis were of the sternest military type, and the stories told of them in later ages showed how strong was the supposed need of discipline, and how much was thought to hang on the issue of the strife.

Manlius as a type of military discipline.—While the armies faced each other in their camps all single combats were forbidden by Manlius the consul. His son alone forgot himself and, fired by the insult of a challenge, fought and slew his man. He brought back his spoils in triumph, but his father turned his eyes away as he drew near, spoke briefly of the breach of discipline, the penalty of which was death, and, like another Brutus, bade the ministers of justice do their duty.

The self-devotion of P. Decius Mus.—Men spoke with admiring horror of the father's deed; but they had reason to be proud of their other general, P. Decius Mus. His was the far happier lot, for duty called him only to sacrifice himself. When the crash of battle came under Vesuvius he heard from the sacrificing priest what the portents seemed to point to as the will of heaven. Then calmly and cheerfully he bade the priest repeat the solemn ceremonial forms, and vowed his life as a peace-offering to the powers of earth, to win if might be victory for Rome. That done he plunged into the thickest ranks and fell covered with the wounds he seemed to court. The soldiers' valour or the general's death decided the fortunes of the day, and the Latins, bravely as they fought, were routed with great loss. They made one more ineffectual stand, and then submitted to their old ally. The federal league was broken up; the ties of intercourse were rudely snapped, and each town, isolated from the rest, was brought into direct dependence upon Rome, with varying degrees of privilege and right. In one case, that of Antium, a new colony was sent to guard the coast, and the beaks of the war-galleys in which the strength of Antium lay were brought to Rome to

deck the raised platform in the Forum from which the statesmen and the magistrates addressed the people, and which gained the name of *Rostra* from these trophies.

Suspicious features of the story of the War.—Such is the account we find in Livy of the downfall of the old Latin league, and we may accept the more important data as to the cause of the struggle and its main results. There are indeed features of the story more picturesque than credible, and as such preferred probably by our historian for their imaginative or moral value. The anecdotes connected with the name and character of Manlius are of a sort often found in slightly different forms elsewhere, the self-devotion of the Decius is repeated in another generation of the same family; other accounts, resting on authority as good, wholly ignore the battle near Vesuvius, and date the crowning victory of the war from a later conflict hastily dismissed by Livy. There is reason enough to feel assured that we have not reached as yet firm ground of solid fact, and that scanty data from official records have been dressed up in a later age with typical anecdotes and fanciful descriptions.

The treatment of Privernum.—The story of another struggle comes probably from a like source and lived in popular fancy before it found a place in books. Privernum, a little stronghold upon the Volscian frontier, had twice defied the power of Rome, and twice been taken. Once more it rose in arms with like result, and then the Senate sat in council to decide the fate of the rebellious city. Ere the debate began they asked the envoy from Privernum what punishment he thought his countrymen deserved. 'Such treatment,' were his words, 'as they deserve who feel that they are fit for freedom.' Then the consul asked again how long they would keep the peace if Rome were willing to show mercy. 'If you offer good terms,' was the answer, 'you will have firm and lasting peace, but if the terms be hard, we shall not long observe them.' The senators heard the bold

words with respect, declaring that men of such a spirit should be Roman, and they gave without delay the rights of the franchise to Privernum. A like tale is repeated by another writer, but not referred to the same date.

Origin of Second Samnite War, B.C. 327.—The conquering Republic had little breathing space from war allowed her, for her formidable rivals in the South were once more upon the move. They had bitterly resented a fortress built on the upper Liris at Fregellae, in the country which they claimed to hold by right of conquest, and which commanded one of the great roads from Latium to the South. On their side they used influence over the mixed race upon the coast, and stirred intrigues against the power of Rome in the Greek cities of Campania. It was left only to appeal to the decision of the sword, and war began again between them in 326 B.C. At first the success of Rome was rapid. The presumptuous city, variously called the Old (Palaepolis) or New (Neapolis), was surrendered either by treachery or fear, and in Samnium itself the legions marched to and fro, till repeated victories made the enemy humbly sue for peace.

The dictator and his master of horse.—One campaign above all others was remembered for its bearing on the rigour of Roman discipline and the temper of the generals. The dictator L. Papirius Cursor, when called away on some religious duty to the city, left strict orders with his master of the horse, Q. Fabius Rullianus, not to risk a battle in his absence. But Fabius was venturesome and lucky, and sent a despatch to tell of his success, not to his general, but to the Senate. The dictator hastened to the camp to avenge the signal breach of discipline, for which the penalty was death. But the culprit was rescued by the soldiers and escaped to Rome, still pursued by his indignant chief, who would grant no pardon even when the Senate asked for mercy. At last the tribunes interposed in pity for a father's prayers. As they had

no right to bar the course of martial law, they begged Papirius to spare his life, and at last wrung from him his consent. The soldiers in the camp had little relish for such antique rigour, and fought with little zeal, for they grudged their general the laurels of a triumph. But he set himself to win their love by courtesy and gallant bearing, and that secured, it was an easy matter for him to gain great successes in the field. But Rome was too elated with her fortune to offer peace on reasonable terms; a great reverse was soon to follow, and her pride was to be humbled almost to the dust.

The Caudine Forks.—The disaster of the Caudine Forks—a defile between Campania and Samnium—left a vivid impress on the national memory, for it was there that the legions were enclosed as in a trap and forced to an ignominious surrender. The enemies themselves, we read, startled at such unheard-of fortune, sent in haste to ask Herennius Pontius, the aged father of their general, how they should act in such a crisis. His answer was that they should let them all go freely forth unhurt, and so appeal to all their best and warmest feelings; or failing that, put them all without distinction to the sword, that the loss might cripple the State for many a year. There was no safe course, he said, between the two extremes. Yet the Samnites tried to find one. They made their prisoners lay down their arms, and pass under the yoke, each with a single garment only, while the officers of highest rank bound themselves as sponsors for a treaty which was to free the soil of Samnium from the arms and colonies of Rome, and leave the rivals fairly balanced as before. But Rome was in no mood to ratify such terms. The general Posthumius, who had just signed the contract, was the first to raise his voice against it in the Senate, and to vote that the State should disown the act, surrendering him and others who had given their sanction to the treaty. The advice was acted on without delay, the Samnites protesting, but in vain. They had lost the solid fruits of victory, but they were too high-minded to wreak their vengeance in cold blood, and

they sent back the scapegoats to their camp, sorely though they suffered for their idle confidence in Roman honour. They soon found to their cost that the aged Pontius had warned them truly, for the legions were once more upon the march against them, eager to wipe out the memory of their disgrace, and to prove in a fair field their ancient valour. Two consular armies moved towards the South, and the successes which they won balanced the memory of the great disaster.

Livy's picturesque treatment.—In describing the events which have been just sketched the narrative of Livy exhibits a high degree of literary skill, and is full of variety and animated scenes: he recounts in picturesque style the humiliation of the conquered army, the Samnites' generous weakness in catching at the hopes of peace and trusting to a captive's word, the Senate's sophistry and Rome's tarnished honour, in receiving her prisoners of war and casting their pledges to the winds.

Want of method in dealing with the War.—In the remaining period of the war there is many a brilliant page in which full justice has been done to the pertinacity and valour of the combatants on either side, but the interest is dispersed over a long series of campaigns, which are recorded year by year in such detail that we lose all sense of order and of definite progress, and only gather incidentally some of the most important data.

The re-appointment of the dictator Papirius Cursor.—We have indeed a graphic picture of the struggle in the breast of the consul Fabius between personal rancour and a sense of duty to his country. His colleague was far away and hard pressed by the enemy; the Senate would have a dictator, Papirius must be the man, and Fabius, so ancient custom ruled it, must himself appoint the stern martinet who had once pursued him so relentlessly. It was a hard thing to forget the past, but public spirit was intensely strong, and at dead of night the consul rose alone, and

spoke the solemn form of words by which the chief magistrate resigned all the powers of the State into the hands of a dictator. The leader named at such a sacrifice of personal feeling proved himself worthy of the Senate's trust. He won a victory which was long remembered, for the Samnite shields embossed with gold and silver were hung up as trophies in the Forum, and ages afterwards, in days of triumph, the decorations of that time were copied by the Aediles.

No clear account of the policy of the War.—We must not look to Livy for any general account of the forces of the warring powers or of the causes of the final issue. He gives no explanation of the advantages which Rome enjoyed in her organised unity and central strength supported by the ready obedience of her subject peoples, as compared with the Samnite league of independent townships, any of which might lose heart in the hour of danger and desert the common cause. The colonial settlements made during the war are mentioned in his pages, but scarce a word is given to show that these frontier garrisons were a main part of the military policy of Rome, holding down as they did with a grip of iron every inch of ground that had been won, while they contented on the other hand the needs of the impoverished yeomen who were looking for new homes. We may see, if we look with care, how steadily the great roads were pushed on Southwards, secured by one stronghold after another, dismembering the hostile states, and leaving a watch-tower on every dangerous border, till the clutch of Rome seemed to be riveted at last on the central highlands and resistance to have wholly died away. But the historian tells us little of the policy which Rome adopted, and we only gather from the number of the conquered forts and from the ease with which the legions made their way that the end was near at hand. Even then there seemed a ray of hope when Etruria stepped into the fray, and distracted the attention of the conquering Republic. But she was soon defeated, and the general Fabius

was not contented with routing her forces in the field. Rome woke with a strange panic when she heard that the consul had followed in pursuit, and was lost awhile to sight behind the dark Ciminian Forest, which had been as yet the limit of their progress to the North. But while ignorant fancy magnified the danger, Fabius was pushing on, and his successes showed the weakness of the Etrurian cities, and forced them soon to sue for peace. Samnium in her turn thus left alone, was at last humbled to submission, B.C. 304.

The Third Samnite War, B.C. 298.—But there could be no lasting peace between the rivals till one of the two was quite exhausted, and Rome speedily had cause to fear that the Samnites were still strong enough to annex the regions of Lucania and dispute the mastery of Southern Italy. She decided to act while there was still time, and her insolent message to them to be still, roused them to arms again in a Third Samnite War. The legions under veteran leaders swept again through Central Italy, and carried all before them where they marched: but even then, when all seemed hopeless, a last effort was made; alien races which had never yet combined found links of union in the hatred of a common foe: North and South; Gauls, Etruscans, Samnites joined hands in their despair to strike a final blow for freedom. But the hour had passed for all such hopes, and the great Republic, which in weaker days had by the good favour of Fortune been able to cope with her rivals one by one, was now in her hour of strength powerful enough to crush the united force of the allies in the battle of Sentinum, where a second Decius died to save his country after solemn forms of self-devotion like those recorded in the Latin war. The Samnites struggled on a few years longer, till at last they sullenly submitted, and Rome became Mistress of Italy, which she ruled henceforth without a rival.

CHAPTER VI.

CRITICISM OF LIVY'S METHOD IN THE FIRST DECADE.

Progress at home and abroad.—We have now reached the close of the first decade, and we may stay to note in general terms some of the characteristic features of Livy's treatment of his subject. In the period comprised in it we trace the progress and completion of two momentous changes: one a work of diplomacy and war by which Rome passed into the sovereign state of Italy; the other a process of constitutional reform by which the patricians and plebs ceased to be rival orders and were fused in perfect union. Civil development went gradually forward even while the work of war was going on and the frontiers were constantly pushed further.

Livy's omissions in military matters.—The military side is treated at great length by Livy. Year after year we seem to hear the tramp of the legions and the din of battle, but it must be owned that there is often a signal want of logical order and of clearness in bringing out to view the moving forces and the main results. In geographical description the outlines are all vague and shadowy; the scenes of the campaign are rarely figured to our fancy with the help of minute and circumstantial touches. We are always hearing of Etruscans, Aequians, Volscians, and Samnites, but there is no opening sketch of the definite position, antecedents or political condition of each people, nor any general estimate of their strength or of the causes of decline. In purely military matters there is indeed

an antiquarian account of the formation of the legion, but the real problem is left quite untouched as to the secret of Rome's success in war, and the main causes of her conquering progress. Once indeed he seems tempted for a moment to deal in earnest with the question. He looks beyond the bounded range of Italian politics to think what might have been the issue if the phalanx of Alexander had been marshalled by his genius against the legions, and East and West had been brought so early into conflict. But he deals only with the surface of the problem, and does not study or compare the tactics and the discipline of ancient states, or show how the faulty generalship of the commanders, changing as they did from year to year, was saved often from disaster only by the steady valour of the militia troops of Rome.

Constitutional questions. — In his treatment of the great constitutional changes there are signal merits balanced by great defects. The debates between the Orders are brought before our fancy with dramatic power; the abstract principles at issue are fired and coloured with party passions; the hopes and fears of either side, the logic of their rival claims translated into lively rhetoric, appear vividly before us in a series of impressive speeches, in which the writer clothes his theories of political causation. The actual struggles in the city when laws are to be passed or magistrates elected are described as fully as the movements of the armies on the battle-field. But in both cases alike the pictures are too disconnected, and there is too little sense of law and order to give meaning and proportion to the whole. It may be doubted even whether Livy had clear ideas about the early constitution. Certainly he leaves important questions unexplained. Political terms are not defined; and as the starting-points are never clearly stated, the exact nature of the change is often left obscure. It may be well to justify the charge by some examples.

No clear ideas of early society.—First there is no attempt to realise the primitive structure of society

before the family or patriarchal clan expanded to the tribe, and tribes coalesced to form a state. The clans (*gentes, curiae*) were powerful units, ruled by their own headmen, observing their own customs, and free in a large measure from any state control. Traces of early usage lingered on in the *patria potestas*, or the father's despotic rule, in forms of marriage, in the domestic council, in the rights of property, and in the separate character of family worship. Livy does not gather up these hints, or discuss in any way the early law, or explain by what expedients Rome succeeded better than her neighbours in fusing these separate and often jarring atoms into one strong organic whole.

The clients.—Closely related to the old families were the clients or retainers, bound not by contract but by hereditary ties to do service to their patrons such as law or usage could enforce, and which grew perhaps out of mild forms of old domestic slavery. But Livy tells us nothing of their status or their origin. He throws as little light upon the more important order of the plebs, spoken of as already in existence in the regal period, but which grew up outside the privileged clans as alien elements were drawn to them, we know not definitely how.

The plebs.—The plebs was barely tolerated at the first, and had few rights or scant power to enforce them. Its attempt to rise began almost in a struggle for existence, but it ended in complete self-assertion and equality. The tribunes were its champions in the struggle, and the power of veto was their engine of offence. But when was this privilege conceded, or how did it grow to such dimensions? Not a word does Livy give to solve the problem. It may be that their right was limited at first to the power to screen any member of their order from attack, or to protect him from patrician magistrates. But the threat to use the power was soon effective. Laws, elections, resolutions of the Senate were of no avail, if the tribunes would not sanction what was done or allow the law to be applied when any plebeian was in question. So

the veto, if made thorough-going, might bring all public business to a standstill.

The comitia.—Nor is there any definite explanation given of the origin of the various National Assemblies, or of their relation to each other. Of the centuriate or Servian *comitia* we read indeed that it was organised to be an army in the field, and a legislative body in the city, so arranged that the voting power should be mainly in the hands of the substantial classes. But the Assembly of the Tribes (*Comitia Tributa*) comes into life unnoticed. Yet, strange to say, we find that ere long patricians are arraigned before it by the tribunes and submit to take their trial, and at last, when the equality of the Orders is secured, its resolutions gain the force of law, though not without a struggle, for the sanction was three times re-enacted. It is probable enough that the plebs first held informal meetings to discuss its interests, and voted through the machinery of the tribes; and that as they felt the power of organised numbers they ventured to usurp the right of trying the worst enemies of their own order by a sort of formalised lynch-law, as it has been called, and that as time went on, and patricians took their places and voted in the tribes, they claimed a legislative power, untrammeled in theory at least by the sanction of the Senate. But all this is only inference from the meagre data found in ancient writers, and Livy has not thought the subject of sufficient interest to discuss it, or even to form any distinct conception for himself. Of course an historian does not write in the first place for future ages, but for the men and women of his own day, and they are often too familiar with the forms of their own social life to need detailed description of them all. But the machinery in question had in great measure ceased to act in Livy's time; its arrangements had been altered long before, some of its functions had been changed, and an ancient reader without more special help would not have understood these early matters better than ourselves. It is therefore a capital defect in Livy's

treatment that he should deal at such great length with many of the stages of the struggle between the Orders, and yet leave primary questions so obscure, without a word to excuse or to deplore the fact.

The early religion.—There is another side of national life which he leaves also unexplained. We might read him carefully and yet gain no idea that there was any difference of note between the religious thought of Greece and Rome. In the Augustan age indeed all distinctive features were effaced. Hellenic culture had given a form to the language of the educated world, and the deities worshipped in the Roman temples were supposed to be the same as the members of the Greek Pantheon, though slightly disguised under their Latin names. But such had not been the primitive religion of the Italian peoples before the exotic fancies of the poets had overlaid with their luxuriant growth the native products of the Latin mind. For information on such questions we must turn to antiquarian writers who give us the rude phrases of the ancient liturgies, handed down with scrupulous care by priestly hands, and stored in the archives of the Sacred Colleges. Many of such books of ritual were preserved at the end of the Republic, and it only needed a little interest and leisure to picture to the fancy by their help much of the religious life of early days. Had Livy only had an interest in such studies he might have shown us how the Roman husbandman analysed by cool reflection all the processes of common work and daily life, and at every stage worshipped some mysterious power of Nature which might influence his destiny for weal or woe. The names he gave them were uncouth, answering in meaning to the process of husbandry, or the mood of nature, or the fragment of domestic work of which he thought. There was little in their qualities to stir the fancy of the poet, or give birth to a mythology, for they sounded only like the sexless deities of abstract reason, wholly different from the fantastic shapes that were dreamed of on Olympus. But they were the

real growth of the Italian thought, and as such they were still believed in and still worshipped in the homesteads of the farmers, long after they had been forgotten by the dwellers in the cities, familiar only with the religious language of the fashionable world. Livy does not write indeed in any frivolous or irreligious spirit. Rather he has a strong respect for the earnest piety of earlier ages, and sorrows deeply over the degradation of his own unbelieving times. It may seem strange therefore that in collecting materials for his great work, he should not have come into contact with such data, or have reproduced them in his pages. This may lead us to inquire a little deeper into the nature of his historic studies, and to determine as we may what were the authorities that he consulted and the evidences on which he could rely.

The earlier annalists.—There can be no doubt that the earliest prose-writers who dealt with Roman history in any literary form were Fabius Pictor and Cincius Alimentus, both of whom took part in public life during the Second Punic War, almost a century, that is, after the last events which the first decade comprises. Even these did not write in Latin, which was then too rugged and unformed for the tastes of men of letters, but they naturally chose Greek, which was in their time the language of the cultivated world. Their interest lay chiefly in the events of their own days, where they were witnesses as well as agents, but they also wrote a summary sketch of the remoter past as a preface to the fuller history of their own times. They were followed by a long series of authors known to us by name, who wrote of the earlier as well as of the later ages, who thought more indeed as time went on of the graces of style and rules of rhetoric, but had no more special claim to deep historic insight. These are the annalists whom Livy followed, whom he often cites, though sometimes perhaps at second-hand, who seem to have agreed in the main features of their narrative, though they often differed about matters of detail. But the earliest of these

were far removed from the period of which they wrote, and it is important to inquire what materials lay ready to their hand for the history of by-gone ages.

The official chronicles.—The most authentic and complete of these seem to have consisted of the records kept from year to year by the Supreme Pontiff, and at first published by him on a whitened tablet that all might read the National Calendar, then collected in a lengthy digest, and stored with due care in the archives. We are told indeed that the fire and havoc of the Gauls swept away all such memorials. In succeeding years however the records seem to have been kept with greater fulness, as the use of writing spread more widely; but the main facts of public life were barely stated, without a trace of literary style or comment, but with disproportionate space perhaps for the fasts and festivals, portents and eclipses, which concerned the priests most nearly. This dry and scanty chronicle was the starting-point of Roman history, and its meagre outlines were filled out by the fancy of the later writers, with the help no doubt of other data. Whether Livy referred to it himself or not we cannot say, for the information which is drawn from it in his pages may have been taken at second-hand from other sources, and the term *annales* which he often uses was applied indifferently to the official record and the enlargements of the men of letters.

Precedents and formularies.—There were other materials besides collected by the pontiffs and the remaining priestly guilds—liturgies of prayer, with which alone it was thought safe for worshippers to approach the power of heaven, formularies which prescribed the ceremonial acts to be scrupulously observed, precedents followed in all important cases. For the Roman mind was intensely conservative in all such matters; its religion did not make appeal to moral feelings or to spiritual cravings, but was a thing of forms and ceremonies and symbolic acts, and for these the priests required the help of an elaborate ritual preserved from one generation to another

Primitive religion was closely intertwined with many sides of national life. Every important change left its traces in the ritual, or was associated with some venerable usage. Some of these formularies are embedded in the narrative of Livy, but we have no reason to believe that he gleaned them for himself, or ever explored the Record Office of the priests. Such data had perhaps little power to stir his fancy, nor did he see their value in helping us to picture fully to our thoughts the national life of far-off times.

Monumental data.—He seems to have found as little interest in the monumental evidence which lay around him in abundance. The ancients did not entrust the documents of State to paper or to parchment, or to anything less durable than bronze or stone. Laws, treaties, proclamations, resolutions of the Senate, dedications to the gods, epitaphs upon the tombs,—these were to be found in every public place or temple, and formed a constantly increasing store in spite of the ravages of decay and fire. Not in Rome only, but in every town of Italy such evidence lay ready to the hand of those who would try to reconstruct the past in fancy. From time to time reference is made by Livy to such data, and he speaks with respect of Cincius as versed in antiquarian lore. But his quotations are confessedly at second-hand. He had no mind to endanger his fine style by much reading of the crabbed stuff engraved on the old marbles; he had no leisure to pore over the archives to correct a name or date, still less to wander through the land in search of more antiquities. It was easier far to turn to a Valerius Antias or Licinius Macer, annalists nearest to his time, and accept in the main their version of the facts, though startled now and then by inconsistencies or prodigious numbers.

Family documents.—Besides the official documents already mentioned, there were many others doubtless to be gleaned from the chests of the ruling families of Rome. No people ever was more scrupulous in keeping its accounts; none carried out more

thoroughly the principle of book-keeping in private life. The magistrates of course were as careful in the business of State, but they carried to their homes in earlier ages all their registers when their official work was over. These were sometimes no doubt an easy prey for moths or damp, but often they were scrupulously guarded as heirlooms among the proud memories of high estate. With these were kept the funeral notices of the illustrious dead, which have been spoken of above, and sometimes the speeches even pronounced by them on great occasions in the Senate or before the people. Out of these and the traditions associated with old names it was easy in later times for men of letters or their educated clients to construct the family chronicles which served to illustrate the ancestral busts that lined their walls, or to train the younger members of the house in due respect for the great qualities of their forefathers. It is in this way probably that we may best explain the fact that at certain periods a single family, such as the Fabian, Claudian, or Quinctian house, seems to appear almost alone upon the stage, and to decide the fortunes of the State. Nothing could be more natural if the pedigrees and chronicles of the ruling houses were pieced together to eke out the fragmentary data drawn from other sources. It must be owned indeed that these are matters of conjecture, but it is hard else to understand why the narrative becomes at times so full and circumstantial, and then again, as the scene shifts, the outlines are so shadowy and indistinct. In a society that grew out of a union of clans and tribes traditions would concentrate themselves within the closer bodies, and be guarded jealously as an exclusive right.

Original sources probably were little used.—But it is impossible to say how far the genuine traditions may have been disfigured by fanciful embellishments and marvellous details, the spontaneous growth of the imagination, or the work of literary clients catering for the pride and vanity of wealthy patrons. Ancient

writers seldom refer in any but a vague and general way to the sources from which they draw; and though Livy complains of such distortions of the truth, we cannot tell whether he made any effort to sift or verify these data for himself. The earlier annalists indeed he often names, and balances conflicting statements, accepting commonly what seemed to rest on the evidence of most or of the oldest writers. But he does not often travel further back, to confront the historians and their proofs, or to construct any critical methods of inquiry. Certainly there is much in the first decade which can rest on no solid basis of contemporary proof, much that seems like an afterthought of recent fancy challenged to account for an old name or phrase or usage, much commonplace rhetoric that offends us by its lengthy speeches in debate, and its descriptions of battles, sieges, acts of personal prowess as minute as if the armies of antiquity had had their special correspondents in their camp, and reporters for the journals were always sitting in the Senate.

The Roman character was conservative.—Yet still we must remember that the Roman genius was essentially methodical and formal, appealing constantly to precedents, tenacious of established rules and phrases, sure to call at an early stage for text-books and authoritative records. The civil progress of the past was marked in its chief stages by the constitutional language of the present; the great victories won in the struggle for equality were the proud memories of the plebs and part of the charter of their freedom; and while we trace the slow and orderly development of the Republic both in the forum and the field we feel that we are treading on the firm ground of solid fact. And if we are sometimes impatient of the length at which he deals with the more questionable features of his story, we shall do well to remember that four hundred and fifty years are disposed of in a single decade, while the three hundred that followed spread over nearly half as many books.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LOST DECADE, WITH ITS ACCOUNTS OF PYRRHUS AND OF THE FIRST PUNIC WAR.

Few relations so far between Rome and Greece.—The first decade of Livy deals in a great measure with ages so remote, that we find it hard to understand how the narrative is often full of minute and circumstantial data. Unluckily his pages fail us as we near the times for which contemporary records were of easier access. The second decade has been lost, and the writer's guidance is therefore wanting for a period of seventy years, early in which the name of Rome was heard far beyond the bounds of Italy, and passed into the history of neighbouring nations. She had lived as yet her separate life apart, scarcely heeded by the older civilisations of the world. In legendary times indeed we read of envoys sent from her to consult the oracle at Delphi, or to gather in Greek cities the materials for the Code of the Twelve Tables, but these may probably have been the afterthoughts of later writers anxious to account for much that seemed borrowed from Hellenic sources, and there were but few fixed points of definite contact to bring into close relation the histories of neighbouring countries. The capture of the city by the Gauls and the decisive battle of Sentinum found an echo in the pages of Greek writers; and in return the attention of the Romans had been drawn to the movements of the Greek adventurers who appeared from time to time in distant parts of Italy.

The Greek Pirates at Padua.—One such of unknown source had special interest for Livy, and he draws on the traditions of his earlier home when he tells us of the roving corsairs who pushed from the coast into the mainland, making havoc as they went, till the citizens of Patavium beat them off, and set up their spoils in public as a memorial of their prowess. But most of them grew out of the constant wars between Tarentum and her neighbours. That restless trading city, when hard pressed by the rude races on her borders, naturally looked across the seas to Greece, whence her Spartan emigrants had started to settle in their home in Italy. There was no lack of veterans and skilful generals there ready to answer to a call which promised hard fighting and good pay. First came Alexander of Epirus, with the hope perhaps to conquer a fair kingdom in the West, as his nephew of Macedon was at the same time forming a new empire in the East, but his career of conquest was speedily cut short by treachery and death. Then they turned to Cleonymus, of the ruling line of Sparta, but he soon passed away, leaving only a confused memory of rapine in his track. A new era began with the appearance of Pyrrhus on the scene, and from that time Greece and Rome could not ignore each other any more.

Livy's accounts of Pyrrhus are lost.—Only meagre summaries are left us of the three books which dealt with the arrival and the doings of the brilliant adventurer who was thought to be the greatest warrior of his age. Livy's powers of vivid portraiture and dramatic treatment must have found ample scope in the description of the giddy people of Tarentum, who rushed into war with a light heart after unprovoked assault upon the ships of Rome, and wanton insult to the person of her envoy. The character of the knight-errant Pyrrhus doubtless caught his fancy, and we may believe that he also did ample justice to the startling effect produced upon the Roman mind by the scientific strategy of the great captain, and the ponderous mechanism of the Macedonian phalanx. He would how-

ever have described with fuller pleasure and with more detail the steady resolution with which the Romans faced defeat till they learned in the school of Pyrrhus how to conquer, and that fine scene in the Senate-hall when blind old Claudius came forth once more into public life to raise his voice in protest against any peace or truce with Pyrrhus, and pleaded with his countrymen to fight on to the bitter end while an alien remained in arms upon the soil of Italy.

The First Punic War, B.C. 264.—The four books which followed would have proved a still more grievous loss, if the corresponding chapters of Polybius had not fortunately been preserved to give us in an authoritative form the history of the First Punic War. The Greek historian was indeed inferior to Livy in many of the qualities of a literary artist. He had none of his pathos and brilliancy of style, none of his power to vivify the shifting scenes of the historic drama, or to transfuse passion into his words at will until the feelings and the interests of the past rise up as living beings before our kindling fancy. But to balance these shortcomings he had also signal merits which Livy could not always rival. Himself a statesman and diplomatist, he had a clearer insight into the political machinery of statecraft; his wider travels taught him more of the peoples and governments of foreign lands; he had severer canons of historic credibility, and could better disentangle the connected threads of causes and effects. His sketch therefore of the First Punic War is clear and orderly and comprehensive. We have not indeed from him such a gallery of historic portraits as Livy might have left us. He would have drawn with a freer hand the character of the rough soldier Regulus, sweeping all before him at the first upon the coast of Africa, till over-confident and weary of inaction he wrote to beg to be recalled upon the plea that his little glebe was being neglected by his farmer, but doomed only to return a prisoner on parole to bring terms of peace from Carthage and to urge his countrymen to spurn them. He would have left a vivid

memory in the reader's mind of the Claudius who risked defeat with the headstrong daring of his race, and flung the sacred birds into the sea when the augurs told him that they would not eat, saying mockingly 'then let them drink,'—fit brother of the haughty dame who, when the crowd thronged round about in the streets, wished that he could lose another battle to rid the capital of its superfluous numbers. Roman as he was, Livy must have felt a genuine admiration of the great Hamilcar, who trained his motley levies into a gallant band of veterans with which he baffled for long years the efforts of the legions, and stood at bay at last in his rocky stronghold on the coast like a lion on whom the hunters dare not close. The language of Polybius is somewhat tame and commonplace in dealing with such themes, but he describes clearly for us the earlier relations between Rome and Carthage, and the immediate antecedents of the war in the struggle to secure for Rome first a foothold and then ascendancy in Sicily. The different periods of the conflict are well defined, as he was not hampered by the annalistic form like Livy, nor prone to overload his pages with rhetorical expansions. The main conditions therefore of the war stand out in strong relief. The superiority of the legions in the field, where their steadiness and weight shattered the loose array of mercenaries whom the merchant princes sent to do their fighting; the energy with which Rome created a war-navy to dispute the mastery of the seas which her rival had long held; the inventive skill which baffled the experience of Punic sailors, and locked the ships together for steady fighting as on solid land; the resolution with which she bore the repeated blows of Fortune in the great reverse in Africa, and in the storms which wrecked her fleets, till her patience was at last rewarded by success, and decisive victory closed the war—these are the chief outlines of a story which Livy may have pictured perhaps more vividly, but cannot have described more clearly.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE SECOND PUNIC WAR.

Livy and Polybius drew from the same sources.—The third decade of Livy covers the period of the Second Punic War, for the opening years of which we have also the guidance of Polybius, and on comparing many passages of the two writers it may be seen that there is very close resemblance in their narratives, and that at times the agreement is too minute and circumstantial to be due merely to the accurate description of the facts recorded. It has been therefore commonly supposed that the later historian borrowed freely from the earlier, though without acknowledging his debt, as often was the case with ancient writers. But on nearer scrutiny it may be seen that even in the passages where there is very close resemblance there are commonly some incidents in Livy's pages, which form distinct additions to the story of Polybius, and which therefore point to other literary sources. There are other passages which he hardly could have written, if the narrative of the Greek historian had been at the time under his eyes, as where he gives details which the latter had exposed already as absurdities or exaggerated tales. At a later period we know that he followed Polybius more closely, translating or abridging lengthy passages, without collating other sources, and with no such minute and numerous variations as have now to be accounted for. It seems therefore more probable that both used the same authorities, rather than that one borrowed from the

other. But Livy must have adhered closely to them in their fuller form, while the edition which Polybius gives is a summary and corrected one.

Possibly both followed Silenus.—If we ask what were these common sources from which both writers drew, we should first note that the resemblance is most marked in passages which deal with the march of the invading army, and the vicissitudes of the campaigns in which Hannibal is the moving spirit of the scenes, and the narrative reads like that of an eye-witness, or of one who drew his information from the Carthaginian camp. Livy cites himself (xxvi. 49. 3) the Greek Silenus, who is said to have served through the whole of Hannibal's campaigns, and to have written with great care the history of his wars. He was certainly referred to by the Roman writers on the Punic struggle, and a painstaking author like Polybius can hardly have neglected evidence of so high an order. Silenus therefore may have been the fountain-head to which many of the passages in question in both writers may be ultimately traced. But though Polybius may have consulted him directly, there is reason to believe that Livy used his evidence in the form in which it was presented by some annalist of earlier date, who had worked it up with the materials drawn from purely Roman sources.

Livy may have borrowed largely from Caelius Antipater.—The earliest of such annalists, we know, were Fabius Pictor and Cincius Alimentus, who both took part in the great Punic War, and helped to make history as well as write it. Like these, most of the chroniclers who followed chiefly aimed at brevity, and are spoken of by Cicero with much disdain as historians without a style. But Caelius Antipater, who lived a century later, is said by the same critic to have written with much more literary care, and was evidently in good repute at the end of the Republic. Cicero mentions specially his history of the Punic War, and also tells us that in this he followed Silenus very closely. In the third decade Livy explicitly refers to

him more often than to any other writer, and in language which implies that his evidence ranked high, and should have weight in any conflict of authorities. There is good reason also to suppose that he was often used when his name was not directly mentioned. It was natural that a writer of repute like Caelius, whose literary style contrasted favourably with the rugged chronicles of earlier days, should have been freely used by Livy without much care to turn to his authorities, or to balance and harmonise conflicting evidence. It was enough for him to note and exercise his judgment on the discrepant accounts reported by the older writer, without much effort to decide the question by fresh data. The critical standard of the age did not require him to unfold and to collate the long rolls in which the ancient chronicles were written, and to risk his own fine style by dwelling on their archaic diction. His readers would have much preferred a brilliant piece of rhetoric to proof of antiquarian research, and we need not be surprised that Livy was content to satisfy the tastes of the society for which he wrote. To sum up then, in the earlier books the evidence seems to point to Silenus as the common authority of both historians, and to Caelius as the compiler of the Roman version of the story. But later in the decade other materials seem to have been turned to more account, such as memoirs current in the circle of the Scipios, or native chronicles of Africa, like those said to have been consulted by king Juba, and later works, as of the diffuse and credulous Valerius Antias.

The origin of the Second Punic War, B.C. 218.—The main cause of the Second Punic War is found by Livy in the ambition of the great generals who pushed on their career of conquest in the south of Spain, and longed to vindicate the national honour, which had been tarnished by the disasters at the close of the last war. The immediate occasion of the renewal of the struggle was the defiance hurled in the teeth of Rome by striking down Saguntum her ally. This account

agrees with all the facts which can be gleaned from other sources. But there are some antecedents of the War which seem unduly slurred over or neglected in his pages. Roman sentiment passed lightly over the outrage done to Carthage when Sardinia was wrested from her grasp in the dire straight of the Mercenary war, and the mere attitude of self-defence was shamelessly resented; it did not care to own that the alliance with Saguntum was a real intrusion and a menace aimed at Carthage, explained but not justified by precedents like the dealings with Messana and with Capua, which had provoked the earlier struggles; it glossed over the fact that the jealousy of Rome had long been roused by the spread of Carthaginian power in Spain, and that only the accident of the Celtic rising on the Po distracted her attention for a while, and gave Hannibal the chance of striking the first blow; it glibly spoke of Punic perfidy, as though the act were one of unprovoked aggression, and Rome's honour in like cases was quite spotless.

The assumed unwillingness of the government of Carthage.—But Livy gives no countenance to the alleged dislike of the government of Carthage to the war, on which much has been said with little proof. It is one thing to make, as he does, Punic envoys, while pleading for peace in later years before the Roman Senate, shift all the blame on Hannibal, as the firebrand who set the strife ablazing without the wish or sanction even of the State, and quite another thing to say with Fabius Pictor that the army really forced the war on a reluctant nation, which dared not thwart its general, or disown his bold defiance of the claims of Rome. Polybius had disposed already of this fancy in a few strong words, and Livy describes more than once the course of the debate among the senators of Carthage, where the advocates of peace were few, and war or its supplies were voted for with acclamation. It is true that the ancients often spoke of the long struggle as the Hannibalic war, because the general himself was the soul of the whole movement, and the

home government was too far away to guide his policy or control his action; it is true also that we hear but seldom of money or reinforcements sent from Carthage, and so far there may be some colour for the charge that the jealousy or coldness of the ruling classes left him to fight his battles single-handed, relying only on the unparalleled resources of his military skill. But we must remember that the merchant city was no longer mistress of the seas, and that though her corsairs swept the Italian coasts, they could not safely convoy the great fleets that were needful for the transport of an army. Spain was the favourite recruiting-ground, which could furnish hardy soldiers in abundance; there the levies were pushed forward which were to follow the track of Hannibal across the Alps, and furnish a new army in the heart of Italy for a last decisive blow. But this policy was thwarted by the chequered fortunes of their arms in Spain, where pressing need at times diverted reinforcements levied for service under Hannibal. Meantime we cannot fairly argue from the silence of the Roman writer that he was left without supplies in money to raise or to maintain his forces. His country hailed, as Livy tells us, with enthusiasm the news of his successes; she was not so niggardly or sordid as to starve him into failure; and when disaster came at length after fifteen years of superhuman efforts, she did not withhold her confidence from her great son, whom she had recalled, if possible, to save her, and saw gladly at her helm amid the troubled waters.

Disputes as to the route of Hannibal.—The route of Hannibal across the Alps was a matter of dispute in ancient times, and has remained so to the present age. Almost every pass along which an army could have marched, and some which none but practised mountaineers could cross, have been at some time advocated as the track of the invading host. But many of these attempts are hopelessly at variance with the nature of the mountain ranges as at present known, or with the chief data of the ancient writers, and the

books or pamphlets written in their behalf are only monuments of misplaced ingenuity or learning.

Livy's description of it.—If we turn to Livy we shall find no definite statements as to the place at which the Rhone was crossed, but after the passage we are told that Hannibal pushed on inland to avoid all contact with the Roman army which was following in pursuit and barred the way along the coast. It is far more probable however that his route was decided on beforehand, and that he was guided by the Gauls, who had invited him to Italy, and who would naturally lead him through the passes which would bring him with most ease into their country. He marched onward in four days to the district enclosed between the Rhone and the Isère—the *insula Allobrogum* of later days, where he took part in a civil feud between the native chieftains. After that he is represented as turning to the left—*ad laevam*—in his way towards the Alps. This phrase is very difficult, and many explanations have been offered. The most likely one assumes that he retraced his steps across the Isère and down the Rhone—a movement however as to which Livy is quite silent—and then turned to the left up the banks of the river Drôme. Only thus could he have passed at this stage through the borders of the *Tricastini*, whose chief town was probably Aoste on the Drôme, and then through the *Vocontii*, whose frontier on the south-east extended far along the road to Embrun, through which country Hannibal may have led his troops, skirting the lands of the *Tricorii* who were spread to the north-west. This road would have brought him to the Durance, and by Briançon across the Mont Genèvre, which was known as the *Alpes Juliae* to Caesar, but afterwards named *Cottiae* from the chieftain who improved the mountain roads in his own neighbourhood.

The account in Polybius.—Another detailed description of the route is given us by Polybius, who was born during the war, and lived at Rome in the society of public men whose fathers probably took part in the

great struggle. He was at special pains, as he informs us, to consult contemporary evidence, and even travelled himself among the Alps, to get further knowledge of the scenes. The various stages of the whole journey from Cartagena to the Italian plains are definitely measured in his pages, and his language points to a passage of the Rhone somewhere near the town of Orange, and to a four days' march onward to the Isère. From that point he records no names until he makes Hannibal issue from the Alps among the Insubres, the leading power among the Gallic tribes which were then at war with Rome. He explains this silence in the general ignorance that prevailed of the exact position of the Alpine tribes and passes. But he definitely states that from the district between the Rhone and the Isère Hannibal marched in ten days eight hundred stadia *along the river*, before he began to climb the Alps, and that in the plain country which he traversed the barbarians were kept in check by his own cavalry as well as by native aid. There can be little doubt that the *river* of the whole narrative is the Rhone, and Polybius expressly says that they kept near to it to the entrance of the mountain pass. His language seems to indicate the route which follows the Rhone up to Vienne, and leaving it for a while in its great bend, meets it again at St. Genix, and runs on to the pass of Mont du Chat, from which the way would naturally lead through the Tarantaise, and over the Little St. Bernard to the valley of Aosta. This pass, over the range called afterwards the Graian Alps, was one of the best known and earliest used across the mountains. Its neighbourhood was by far the most fertile of them all, and as such best suited to supply an army on the march. It led most directly to the cantons of the Gallic tribes which sent to invite the Punic forces. Their envoys would naturally know it best, and be most likely to guide the invaders on that course. Accordingly Polybius tells us that Hannibal recruited first his soldiers' strength among the friendly Gauls, and then at their desire made war upon the tribe of

the Taurini, whose town bequeathed its name, though not perhaps its site, to the Turin of modern times. It was known in later times that this tribe was attacked before the collision with the legions, and it was natural to infer that they came into hostile contact as soon as he issued from the mountains, and because they denied him passage through their valleys. This seems to have been the popular legend of two centuries later, and the Roman historian admits that there was no sure evidence before him, but that he relied mainly on tradition. The account of Polybius he does not notice, though he refers to Caelius Antipater, whose account, as far as we can judge, agreed in the main with the Greek writer.

General conclusions.—On the whole then, the most probable conclusion is that the route traced by Livy was that from the Drôme to the Durance, and across the Mont Genèvre, the Alpes Cottiae of later times. But Polybius appears to have believed the army to have made a longer circuit by the Rhone and the Tarantaise, across the Graian Alps, or what is now the Little St. Bernard. It is very hard to force the two accounts into agreement, and if they are at issue, there can be little doubt that the authority of Polybius should have the greater weight, as he was the earlier and more accurate historian, and had made more special studies on the subject. Niebuhr and Mommsen therefore have accepted his account in favour of the Graian Alps.

Roman rancour towards Hannibal.—Generosity was not a Roman virtue, and there was little colour of it in the relentless rancour with which Italian legend blackened the memory of their greatest enemy. Polybius indeed could sift and compare the evidence of living men, and thus was able to ignore contemptuously or disprove most of the malignant charges brought against him. But later writers were less scrupulous in this respect, and scandalous stories, due to credulous fear or hatred, gathered round the name of Hannibal, and found a place in history. They are

reflected even in the narrative of Livy, though they ill agree with his own generous love of truth, or with the facts which he records elsewhere.

Gross scandals as to his early character.—First he gives us, probably from Punic sources, what the veterans may have told each other of their great captain's earlier years, of his hardihood and gallant bearing and perfect mastery of all a soldier's trade. We hear how he shared the coarse fare, and daily drudgery, and nightly watch of the meanest soldier in the ranks, till he won the confidence of every grade alike, and was foremost in every post of trust or danger. But then almost on the same page we read of scandal too gross to be repeated, due to the coarse banter of the camp, or to the reckless slander of a rival faction in the city, and as such unworthy of a grave historian's notice.

The early campaigns.—In describing the first campaigns in Italy Livy does ample justice to the general's consummate skill, which forged such a mighty thunderbolt of war out of the motley levies of Numidians, Spaniards, Gauls, who were fighting for a cause in which they had no natural stake, and for a country where they had not even civic rights. He makes us feel the moral influence of the commander who sustained the courage of his men in the long and toilsome march through mountain ranges, the dangers of which were magnified by fear, as they were two centuries later by Livy's credulous horror. When the shock of battle comes we see that Punic armies are made now of other stuff than those which in the First War seldom faced the legions save to be defeated. The veterans trained in the school of Hamilcar his father might be trusted to go anywhere and do anything, but with the genius of Hannibal to lead them, even Roman courage found their onset almost irresistible. It was no secret of strategy in which the merit lay, such as could be gradually learnt by others, and turned in time against its author, but a fund of resource and a subtlety of rapid insight which could see at a glance the fatal point of weakness, and constantly

combine fresh methods of attack. No State but Rome could have survived such terrible disasters as befell her at Trebia, Trasimene, and Cannae, and it was only thanks to her walled towns and entrenched camps that she held at bay the skilful strategist whom her legions were no match for in the open field. Her consuls shrunk from risking an encounter, and were content to watch him from afar, thinking it, as Livy tells us, almost a triumph to cross swords with him without defeat. As time went on the brilliant victories were fewer, for Roman generals were grown more wary, and their allies of Central Italy were faithful in the strongholds, which were safe from an enemy who had no siege-train in his camp. But even then, when his veterans were thinned by death, and he had lost his hold on all but a corner of Southern Italy, and his last hope of help from Spain was wrecked by the defeat of Hasdrubal, even then the Roman armies which were closing round him dared not face his tiger spring. In a striking passage (xxviii. 12) Livy owns that his greatness was as unquestioned then as in the days of his success, for his ascendancy was still as marked over both friend and foe, there was not a whisper of disloyalty among the bands whom he had gathered round his standards, men of various nationalities and manners, who bore in his service cheerfully hardships and dearth of food and arrears of pay, the like of which in years gone by provoked the fierce explosion of the Mercenary war.

Hannibal's supposed vices.—But in the character of Hannibal, which Livy sketches at the outset, the lights and shadows are both very deep. His brilliant qualities were balanced, he tells us, by inhuman cruelty, more than Punic perfidy, and absolute disregard of all that men and God hold sacred. It might be enough to set against so sweeping an indictment the general denial of Polybius, who was too critical to leave such charges quite unsifted, and had been familiar in the circle of the Scipios with a more generous sentiment towards the fallen foe. For one defect indeed he

allows that there was more evidence; the well-informed spoke of his avarice as admitted by the fellow-countrymen who knew him best. Yet even this perhaps chiefly reflects the gossip of the camp and the discontent of soldiers who chafed when their greed for plunder was reined in too sharply. Their commander had to husband his resources, and make war support war with an eye to future years, and could not tolerate such wanton waste or licensed brigandage as a Tilly or Wallenstein in later ages.

His cruelty.—The charge of cruelty, as Polybius explains, was partly due to a confusion between himself and an ill-famed namesake in his army who left behind him many a memory of shame. But the advice ascribed to him that the soldiers should be trained to live on human food was doubtless only a grim jest at the scanty commissariat from which they suffered. But indeed apart from any such mistake, it was natural enough that much of the misery of those fifteen years of ceaseless war should be linked to the name of Hannibal himself. As the tramp of armies passed across the land, and the wail of anguish rose from pillaged farms and desolated homes, the invader's name became a sound of terror with which mothers hushed their little ones to rest, and the sufferers were in no mood for nice distinctions when they thought of the cruel outcome of the bloody war. But if we turn to questions of detail we see that the authorities whom Livy followed gave little evidence to justify such statements. He dismissed the Spanish waverers to their homes when they shrunk from the hazards of that plunge into a world unknown; he gave his Italian prisoners their freedom, and was willing that the Romans should be ransomed: Livy does not tell us even that he sold them into slavery, when he Senate left them to their fate, and it is only in much later writers that we read of the horrors said to have befallen those whom their country had abandoned to his mercy. A Roman governor could massacre in cold blood the defenceless citizens of Enna whom he

had summoned to him with the mask of peace; the garrison of Casilinum could make themselves secure against a rising from within by murdering all whom they thought dangerous; a Marcellus could so far forget the loyalty of Syracuse under Hiero's long reign, and his promise of protection to a people overawed by mutineers and traitors, as to ruin an undeserving city while he wreaked his vengeance on the guilty. But Hannibal was patient with the noble of Capua who defied him to his face, and only sent him into exile when he stirred the citizens to arms, and Livy himself scarcely records a single act of special cruelty that could be proved during his long career in Italy, until the eve of his departure, when he slew, so ran the tale, in Juno's shrine many of his Italian soldiers who would not follow him across the seas. The history of Polybius fails us at this period, but it was not thus that Hannibal had dealt with the Spaniards who refused to cross the Alps; Livy silently ignores elsewhere, as we can see, much of the foul slander which later writers have repeated, and we may safely say that such a purposeless atrocity is inconsistent with the whole tenour of his life.

The charge of perfidy not proved.—The charge of perfidy is even less sustained. The well-known reproach of Punic craft may have grown perhaps in earlier days out of the shrewd bargains of Phoenician traders. But the Romans had no right to accuse Carthage of bad faith in her dealings with them, and Livy gives no data to justify his statement about Hannibal. In one case even where the annalists had accepted a malignant story, he admits that all the evidence points to his having acted with perfect honour in the matter (xxiii. 19). Subtle schemer as he was, he did succeed in outwitting the second-rate generals of Rome, passing where he would between their armies, and hurling himself with lightning speed upon them when they thought him far away. He was always ready with stratagems to baffle his opponents, but wiles like those were fair in war, and there is no evidence that he proved ever

faithless to his soldiers or allies. Rather the loyalty with which they clung to him in spite of every hardship, the absence of mutiny or disaffection in his camp, the spell of personal influence which never failed him, are alone enough to disprove such vague and unsubstantial charges.

Causes of the final success of Rome.—If we ask now what were the causes of the ultimate success of Rome, we shall find indeed the materials in Livy for the answer, but no clear estimate of his own. The commanders whom she could send into the field seem like respectable drill-sergeants pitted against the greatest general of that, or perhaps of any age. Her stedfastness in times of trial is matched by the marvellous tenacity with which he clung to Italy in the face of overpowering numbers. Her legions even, staunch as their courage was, could hardly cope at first with the skilful mechanism devised and trimmed by Punic wit. But, first, the imperial fabric which had been slowly built up in the course of ages was firm enough to stand the strain of the attack, strengthened as that system was by the grip of the colonies on the great roads and posts of vantage. Greeks and Bruttians might fall away to the invader, but the towns of Central Italy were true to Rome; there was little to attract them in the promise of a Punic empire, resting on alliance with the Gauls; their walls were able to defy attack from an assailant who had no leisure or means to organise machines of war; their warlike youth vastly outnumbered the recruits whom he could find to fill the gaps which every battle left in his ranks of trusty veterans. Secondly, Carthage was weak where Rome was strong. The subject towns of Africa had little love for the proud mistress who ruled them with a rod of iron, and dared not trust them even with a fence of walls. They fell away therefore when a foreign army set foot upon their soil, or they were powerless to repel attack when made in earnest. The Nomad tribes on whom her yoke pressed heavily were glad to turn against the ruler who had repressed their savage license. The Car-

thaginians themselves had no love for the soldier's trade, and looked to aliens to fight their battles. Spain had of late been the favourite recruiting-ground, but the march across the Alps was long and toilsome, and their enemies were now on the alert to bar the way. Thirdly, the resources on which Carthage could rely were widely scattered, and a storm, an accident could ruin the most skilful combination, as when the two brothers were ready to join hands in the heart of Italy, and failed after years of effort because despatches had miscarried. Rome lay in the midst of her supplies; all around her were the friendly towns from which she drew her soldiers, too strong to storm, too large to be besieged by any Punic force; she could not be cut off from her natural base, or forced to stake all upon a single battle.

Little use made of the Navies.—There is one feature of the struggle which, strange to say, Livy passes by without remark. In the First Punic War much of the interest, as well as of the efforts of the combatants, was concentrated on the sea. Each power built and manned enormous fleets, and it was Rome's special glory that she created a war-navy on a sudden, and by the inventiveness of her constructive skill she triumphed on the waters over the great ship-builders of the ancient world. But in the Second War there is no naval fight of any moment, and we scarcely hear of any fleets on either side save a few Punic consairs on the coasts of Italy, and the transports which conveyed the Roman soldiers to and fro with little danger from the ships of Carthage. For some years indeed the rival powers seem to have changed places, and the great trading city makes no effort to regain her mastery of the seas, while her armies carry all before them on dry land. It was part perhaps of the policy pursued by the great house of Barca to break with the traditions of the past, and to organise a solid power in Spain, where a steady infantry might be brought into the field, unlike the loose levies of the former war, and then to gather the Gallic tribes around the invading

army for a combined attack on Italy and Rome. It may be also that the losses of the former war and its indemnity, followed by the terrible struggle with the Mercenaries, had so far drained the treasury of Carthage, that she had not much to spend upon her ships, but in later years she surely rued her naval weakness, which must have sadly crippled all her efforts to reinforce her gallant son in his desperate struggle to maintain his hold on Italy.

Livy's neglect of geography.—In the Third Decade, where we chiefly are concerned with military topics, we feel keenly Livy's carelessness in questions of physical geography. Polybius thought it worth his while to make a special visit to the Alps to explore the scenes of the campaign, but Livy was content to imagine marches and countermarches in his study, or to turn over the rolls of the old chronicles in the Palatine Library hard by, without an effort, so far as we can judge, to see with his own eyes the site of the most famous battle-fields. The natural result is a frequent want of clearness in the outlines and of precision in details. Circumstantial features of the route across the Alps, as given by Polybius, are fitted on to quite a different line of march; the exact position of the armies at the battles of Trebia and Cannae is still matter of dispute; the passage of the Apennines and the immediate antecedents of the disaster at Lake Trasimene are vaguely stated; there is nothing in the neighbourhood of Casilinum to explain how Hannibal could have been almost caught there as in a trap; in the march even from Capua to Rome he cannot give the local names in proper order, or enumerate correctly the tribes of Central Italy which the invader passed upon his way. Even Polybius, accurate as he was in most respects, is often far from definite in topographical details, but Livy's carelessness is carried further than the loose standards of his age can warrant, and in the last years of the war it throws a whole campaign sometimes into confusion.

Care in registering portents.—There is however

another feature of the age which Livy illustrates at what may seem often disproportionate length. Long lists of portents are recorded by him, extending sometimes over a whole chapter, and recurring year by year, and at especial length when the prospects of the Roman State were darkest. To a modern reader it may seem strange and even ludicrous to read so much about the blood which was seen oozing from the shields stored in the temples, of fiery stones falling from the sky, of blood-stained ears which dropped from the baskets of the reapers, of the spears of soldiers seen to be on fire, and heavens which were rent asunder, while a bright light shone forth from the gap, of prophetic-tablets shrinking, of goats covered with a coat of wool at birth, and cocks and hens whose sex was on a sudden mysteriously changed. But though we may be impatient as we read all this so often, Livy had no wish to trifle with grave topics of religion, and he gravely copied what he found in the older documents before him. The ancient Romans thought it quite a thing of course that the gods should give their warnings of their will or their displeasure by unearthly signs or portents. In times of crisis or excitement credulous fancy greedily caught up the wildest stories and distorted possibly the plainest facts. We can realise more easily the superstitious spirit of the age, and the gloom which settled on the public mind in those dark days of disaster, when the timid saw around them in the forms of earth and sky little but reflections of their fears, and priests and senators discussed the presages of probable defeat. It was the business of the State through the College of the Pontiffs to take the needful steps to satisfy the gods and set the public mind at rest. Others might shudder and be silent, but they must learn to recognise the voice which spoke in portents, must turn over their old books and profit by the inductions of the past, and read in the unearthly signs some sort of Revelation of the Will of Heaven. For this purpose, after due scrutiny of evidence, the prodigies were chronicled from year to year in the

records of the Pontiffs. To isolate them from each other might mislead the student, rather they must be regarded as the scattered phrases of the message sent, and skilled interpreters must piece them all together. Hence we may explain the exceeding length at which they were recorded, and the punctilious care with which historians transferred them to their pages.

Party bias in the annals.—There is good reason to believe that some passages of history may have been disfigured at this period by party spirit or by family pride. Some bias of this kind was natural enough in the chroniclers whom Livy copied, and candid and dispassionate as he may have been himself, we may trace perhaps in what he tells us the influence of such distortions.

The account of Flaminius.—The story of Flaminius is one of the most familiar of these cases. The lower orders loved him well, for he had shown as tribune that he had the interests of the poorer citizens at heart. His was the first agrarian bill since the days of the Licinii, and in it he proposed to divide among the needy much of the domain-land in Cisalpine Gaul. The nobles in the Senate bitterly opposed the measure, which was pushed through the popular assembly in spite of their resistance. The people raised him in their gratitude to all the highest offices of the State, but in his first consulship men spread the rumour that he risked probable disaster by neglecting the commonest rules of strategy; the Senate summoned him to resign his office, on the ground of some technical flaw in his election, but he would not open the despatch till he had ended his campaign, and on his return persisted in entering Rome in triumph, despite the refusal of the Senate. The hatred of the nobles pursued him ever after: they bitterly resented his re-election to the consulship, railed against him as a freethinker displeasing to the powers of heaven, and seemed likely to force him to resign on some religious plea. They spread the tale in after years, we scarcely know how truly for Polybius ignores it, that he stole

away from Rome in secret, and entered upon office without the due formalities of worship. Early in the campaign, they said, he scoffed at warning portents, neglected all the rules of caution, rushed in his vain-glory to close with the invader, and sacrificed not himself merely but a Roman army in the fatal pass of Trasimene. The whole account seems coloured by the rancorous spirit of faction. His position at Arretium was well chosen for defence, and his plans were probably suggested by the successful campaign against the Gauls in 224. He showed no wish to force an action prematurely, but after sending to his colleague at Ariminum to hasten to the defence of Rome, it was his duty to move southward to effect a junction, and to keep the enemy meantime in view. He was no match indeed for Hannibal, who closed the trap upon him in the defiles of Trasimene; but aristocratic writers seem to have taken him as a scape-goat, and to have thrown all the blame of the disaster on the rashness and incapacity of the champion of the commons, pursuing his memory with their unrelenting scorn.

Terentius Varro.—There are traces of like bias probably in the accounts of the crushing blow at Cannae. The Senate had given positive orders to the generals to force a battle; they commanded the largest army which Rome had brought into the field, and they could not long maintain it in a country which Hannibal had stripped of its supplies. But the annalists deal tenderly with the good name of Æmilius Paulus, whom the nobles trusted. He would be wary like the cautious Fabius who watched his enemy and never risked a battle, but he had to share his power with a colleague, Varro the butcher's son, who was impatient to make good his vapouring words before the populace at Rome, and rid the soil of Italy of the invader, whom the nobles dallied with instead of crushing. It was the rashness of this headstrong darling of the mob that exposed the army to disaster, was the favourite cry among the nobles, but there is no

proof that the State sanctioned such a view, or lost its confidence in Varro, who lived to serve his country longer, and to fill offices of trust in later years.

Marcellus perhaps over-praised.—If the annalists dealt harshly with the memory of some who had risen from the ranks, they were lavish of their praises of the noble champions who stood conspicuous amid the general mediocrity of talent. The brave and resolute Marcellus became almost a hero in their eyes because, like Fabius, he kept the field without great losses, or at least watched Hannibal from his intrenchments and saved the neighbouring strongholds from his clutches. This to be sure was no great triumph, but it gave the Romans time to drill their levies, and to draw tighter the enclosing lines, and to exhaust the resources of their great opponent. But for this they imagined victories that he never won, if we believe at least the explicit statement in Polybius; they exaggerated trifling skirmishes, and put vainglorious words into his mouth, as if his prowess had turned the tide after the defeat at Cannae, and he were the chief champion of the State. Livy even scarcely makes a protest against his cruelties at Syracuse and his greedy exactions afterwards in Sicily, and exalts his commonplace merits to make him seem a worthy antagonist for Hannibal.

The legends of the Scipionic circle.—The bias is perhaps still more apparent if we turn to the history of the campaigns in Spain, where the legends current in the Scipionic circle were accepted as the truths of history. There was the more ease in such distortions that the interior of Spain was so far out of the Roman ken, and its geography so little known till ages after, that not much could be learnt of the course of the campaigns, and the supposed scenes of splendid victories are merely names to us which disappear and leave no certain traces. The great family of the Scipios conducted the war for many years as if it were their own peculiar domain in which they ruled by natural right. In the bulletins which they sent home, or in the later

stories of the eulogists, were marvellous descriptions of great armies routed, and enormous slaughter made; and even Livy, who complacently records their triumphs, is shocked at times at the excessive numbers. In the main no doubt they were successful, but the fortunes of their arms were far more chequered than family vanity would fain allow, and at times the truth leaked out, and men sharply criticised at Rome their conduct of affairs. But the exaggerations reach their climax when the elder Scipios are slain, and no one dared volunteer to take their places till the future conqueror of Carthage, young as he was, stepped into the breach as a forlorn hope. Rome was poor enough in generals indeed, but she had brave citizens in plenty, whose memory Livy might have spared so cruel a taunt. Scipio did great things in Spain no doubt, as in his unlooked-for spring upon New Carthage, but the annals are too prodigal in their exaggerations when they make Hasdrubal lose 20,000 men upon the field of Baecula, and yet begin almost on the same day his long intended march across the Pyrenees and Alps to reinforce his brother in the heart of Italy. In later books we lose sight of the Roman general bound by traditions of strict discipline, and find in his place a hero of romance, who poses sometimes as a sovereign power unwilling to accept a proffered kingdom from the Spanish tribes, and who sometimes leaves his army and the scene of his command in quest of strange adventures, like a Knight of the Round Table, as in the story which makes him cross the seas and thread his way through many dangers to the court of the Numidian Syphax.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST WAR WITH MACEDONIA AND THE PROCLAMATION OF GREEK FREEDOM.

Rome's Wars in the East.—In the remaining books of the Fourth and the Fifth Decades—fifteen in all—we trace the extension of Roman conquest in the East. The great duel with Carthage had been closed at last, and Rome went swiftly forward with no effectual let or hindrance in the career of her ambition till she had spread her arms over the whole civilised world. In the darkest crisis of her struggle with the invaders she heard almost with panic that Philip of Macedon was leagued with Hannibal to compass her destruction. It was but an idle show of coalition, but it was now his turn to suffer for the fears his threats had caused. The neighbouring Greeks whom he had long insulted and oppressed were stirred to arms, and with their help he was driven back within his narrowed borders and stripped of all that had been won by a century of force or fraud. Antiochus of Syria ventured to put forward imperial pretensions among the coasts and isles of Greece, where Rome professed to be the arbitress of freedom. He was so rash and overweening as to try conclusions with the legions, but his multitudinous array was scattered at their onset, and one short campaign sufficed to spread Rome's influence through Western Asia. Macedon was still strong enough to give her trouble, and Perseus seemed to waver between an attitude of peace and war. But Roman diplomatists had little scruple; they began to weave their toils about him till their generals were ready to step in, and when their work was done Mace-

donia was left, no more a sovereign power, but a geographical expression.

Two distinct sources of Livy's remaining books.—In Livy's narrative of these events two distinct currents may be noticed, one of which carries us to the East, to the scenes of diplomacy and warfare in Macedonia, Greece, and Asia, while the other moves to and fro in Rome itself, and gathers up details of the debates and the elections and the social life of the great city. Each of the two flows regularly on, spreading sometimes over many chapters, till suddenly the scene is changed, and its place is taken by the other. If we compare them closely we become aware of differences between the two in style and treatment, and even in points of more importance. The order and the causes of political events implied in one fail to agree with what is stated in the other; the chronological data do not coincide; there is a marked contrast in the mode of dealing both with questions of strategy and topographical details; and the standards of value and of measure in the two are almost uniformly different.

One source is Polybius—For the first, comprising more than half of the whole narrative, there can be no doubt that Polybius was the main, if not the only, source. The corresponding portion of his work is not indeed preserved in its entirety, but considerable fragments still remain, all of which agree so closely with the accounts of Livy, as to leave us no reason to suppose that in those matters at least he consulted any other author. But he followed the original not in the letter but the spirit, compressing commonly into briefer compass what he thought tedious or laboured, but adding also from his fancy many a touch of rhetoric to make a story spirited and picturesque, and better suited for his Roman readers. Sometimes there are errors in the rendering of the Greek, due perhaps to carelessness and haste, and now and then national prejudice seems to have tampered with a passage which may easily have shocked the feelings of the historian or his readers.

Polybius was freely translated by Livy.—It may surprise us at the first to find that so much of Livy's work was a free translation of an earlier author, and still more that, candid as he was, he did not think it needful to acknowledge the greatness of his debt. He speaks of Polybius indeed with great respect, and implies that he relied much on his authority, but he does not say a word from which we could infer that he was borrowing from him constantly with little but a change of language. We know however that the practice was a common one with the chroniclers of the Middle Ages, and taken as a matter of course and spoken of without reproach. We have good reason to believe that ancient writers often did the same, and that the task of criticism and selection of materials often was confined to the choice of some one standard of authority for a given period or subject, which was used and copied without scruple for a time, and with little effort to fuse it with elements from other quarters, till a new subject was begun, and another original selected, with which the same process was repeated. The rolls of ancient manuscripts were so unwieldy, and the labour of comparing many at one time so great, that only the most painstaking would take the necessary trouble, and the loose canons of historic criticism laid no stress upon it.

This source is of first-rate value.—It is fortunate that throughout this period Livy drew so largely from an author of such merit, and that much of what would else have been quite lost to us is thus preserved in Latin dress. The accuracy and learning of Polybius have been dwelt upon already, but the value of his work became much greater as he drew nearer to his own times and to the politics of his own country. It is just here that Livy recognised the special value of his writings, in dealing with events which were most closely connected with the history of Greece, and in regard to which the sources of his information were the fullest.

The second source was Roman Annalists.—The

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second class of records, whose sundered fragments break the connection of the first, shows far less unity of treatment. It is no continuous narrative, designed to bring out the order of causation, as in what the ancients called 'pragmatic history,' but consists often of a number of disjointed statements or bare facts, such as the rites and ceremonies of the state religion, and the lists of magistrates and provinces, and the summary of portents, all of which were copied probably from the official archives as registered by the College of the Pontiffs. Those scanty annals were the groundwork of the later chronicles, which were not content however with such dry details, but varied their monotony with pieces of fine writing, such as rhetorical descriptions of the battles or the sieges, and grand bursts of declamation after the latest fashion of the schools. In the parts of Livy's history where he depends on such authorities campaigns are described at length, but the outlines are shadowy and indistinct, the numbers are extravagantly large, and the geographical limits ill-defined. The author himself was often startled by the exaggerations which he found in the pages of Valerius Antias, or of the Claudius who translated the memoirs of Acilius, but his frequent references to the former writer, harsh as is their tone, imply perhaps that his was the accepted version of the Annals, most in vogue till Livy's days, and as such to be taken as the literary type. In questions even of imperial policy, discussed as they were in Rome itself, there is little to explain the leading ideas and motives of the ruling classes, but in their stead we find only the pomp and glitter of the surface life, as it might be described in the pages of a Court Gazette; and while the greatest personages pass away without a word of comment at their death, we are duly told when one or other obscure priest was succeeded by another as unimportant as himself.

The origin of the war with Philip, B.C. 200.—At times even these accounts reflect not so much the real causes or occasions of great movements as the

fallacious pleas or plausible excuses urged by the Senate on a credulous public, and meant only to serve a passing end. An example of this class may be found perhaps in the rumour which was industriously spread that Philip was mustering his forces, and Italy was threatened with invasion. The long-sighted Senate must have seen that war with Macedonia must come soon or late, and that it was wise to push it on before Carthage could recruit her shattered forces and attempt another coalition. In the first war there had been no serious effort on the part of Philip, and quiet citizens who longed for peace could hardly realise the danger that might threaten them one day from the genius of Hannibal with all the united strength of Macedonia and Carthage at his back. The Assembly met therefore in no martial mood, refused even at the first, as we are told, to vote for war. The chroniclers broidered on this simple text, and brought forward tribune and consul to declaim on either side and set forth in stirring language the restless ambition of the Senate and the dangers of Macedonian aggression. But Livy clearly shows us elsewhere, when he takes Polybius as his guide, that the government of Rome looked far ahead, and aimed at crippling Philip's power betimes by rallying against him all the states which had had cause to fear or hate the moody tyrant. They sent in an ultimatum therefore which was sure to be rejected, and came forward as the champions of the Greeks who hardly welcomed their deliverers, and in default of pleas to justify their action caught even at the poor excuse of a late attack on their allies of Athens.

The accounts of Polybius clear as to tactics.—The following campaigns and the operations of the war are described in terms which markedly contrast with the vague commonplaces in so many of the earlier books. Polybius had made a special study of strategy and tactics, and to him we owe the elaborate comparison between the Roman and the Macedonian systems on various points connected with the skirmishers, and the intrenchments and the phalanx.

It is true that even here from careless haste Livy seems in the borrowing to have spoiled some features, as where by mistaking the meaning of a single word he turns the command to advance with levelled spears into an order to fling their spears away and close with their swords in a hand to hand encounter.

Geographical precision.—Another strong point of the Greek historian was his extended knowledge of geography. Thanks to the precision of his statements, as transcribed by Livy, we can definitely fix the scenes of the campaigns, and understand the policy of Philip, at the time when the chapters of the annalists about the wars in Spain give us only vague ideas of armies marching to and fro in space, and slaughtering myriads of the natives.

Roman generalship was poor.—Here, as often in the earlier stages of their wars, the Roman generals exhibit little skill. More than once they tried to force the western passes into Philip's kingdom, but only to waste their strength in petty skirmishes and toilsome marches through inhospitable highlands. Lying bulletins arrived at Rome, and found a place in the official journals, with their boastful tale of victories won; but the soldiers in the field grew weary of their hardships, and almost broke out in open mutiny when they contrasted the fond hopes of booty with which they volunteered for service, with their actual experience of hard blows and scanty fare.

Flamininus more a diplomatist than a soldier.—Even the fame of Flamininus rests more on the politician's than the general's talents. The crowning victory of Cynoscephalae was won by the soldiers, not by their commander. He was marching through a hostile country, and had never felt the enemies who for days were close at hand; he blundered into battle without a plan, and it went hardly with him at the first, till the phalanx, formidable as it was when it stood firm with level front, was thrown into disorder as it charged over rough ground, while a tribune with prompt insight turned its flank, and the legionaries

forced their way through the gaping ranks, and cut the spearmen down, encumbered hopelessly with their unwieldy weapons.

Clear accounts of national characteristics.—It adds greatly to the interest of the history of this period that, thanks to the Greek historian, we can so clearly picture to our fancy the characteristic features of the several peoples, and the intricacies of their local politics. Of Carthaginians and Spaniards we read little but lifeless generalities in Livy, but the Greek peoples and their statesmen are pourtrayed in vivid colours.

The Aetolian.—The Aetolian character stands out before us as we read of what they do in the council chamber and the field of battle; one after another we learn to know their qualities of boastful arrogance and turbulent self-assertion, the greed, the treachery, the ferocious cruelty which made them the most unlovely race of Greece.

The Achaean League.—We sympathise with the far nobler state of the Achaeans, trying in evil days to maintain the free life of their federal republic, and to raise a national army in spite of the decay of ancient discipline and valour, yet too weak to stand alone and hold the balance between the warring powers, and distracted by the rival influences of Macedonian and Roman factions, till they became in turn the ally, the tool, the victim of Rome's unscrupulous policy of self-aggrandisement.

The Spartan Nabis.—In Nabis of Sparta we may trace the final outcome of Greek tyranny in its latest and its vilest stage, where the usurper holds a city down by the grip of mercenary soldiers or as the armed instrument of a foreign ruler, and there are no showy fruits of literature or industry or art, as in the earlier ages, to justify or to disguise the violence of absolute power.

Macedonia.—Macedonia itself deserves our pity. Its hardy population had borne much and long from the ambition of its ruling line. For a century and

a-half its name had filled a large space in the world's history, and been a sound of terror in the far-off regions of the East. It had been the pioneer of Hellenic culture in lands before unknown. It had bred a race of generals and statesmen whose diplomacy and wars had influenced wellnigh every government on earth. Even in the days of its decline it had in Philip a brilliant and audacious ruler, whose talents neighbouring states respected even while they loathed his cruelties; under him the nation gallantly fought on for years against the powers leagued with Rome; in a single year it faced West and North and South, and drove back on every side the discomfited invaders. But the phalanx was no match for the legion, and could not promptly adapt itself to new conditions; its veterans had been thinned by constant warfare: the hardy peasantry could not longer raise fresh levies, and Macedonia, crushed by the great defeat at Cynoscephalae, had to withdraw within its ancient borders, recall its garrisons from every subject state, send home the Greeks who fought under its standards, and pledge itself to curtailed armaments and a policy of peace.

The famous proclamation of Greek freedom.—There are few scenes in history more familiar than the great gathering at the Isthmian Games at which the herald's voice was heard proclaiming to the assembled crowds that Rome had broken happily the links of Macedonian bondage, and was well pleased to give back their freedom to all the States of Greece. It was a picture to kindle Livy's fancy, and he describes in rapturous terms the enthusiasm of the throngs and the lyric fervour of their praises, whose burden was that 'there was one race of men on earth willing to wage war and risk their treasure and their lives to secure liberty to other peoples; nor did they bound their sympathy to their near neighbours, or to their own continent alone, but crossed the seas to redress the wrongs of violence in far-off lands, and to see that right had might' (xxxiii. 33). It was largely due to

Flamininus, the historian tells us, that the boon was so complete. He urged upon the government at home, and the commissioners who acted with him, to win the love of Greece by graceful acts, to silence the voice of calumny, and restore absolute freedom by disarming Chalcis, Demetrias, and Acrocorinthus, the so-called fetters of Greece, which had long held her bound.

Was the conduct of Rome disinterested?—It has been matter of debate in modern times whether Roman statesmen merited such praises, or had any genuine sympathy for Hellenic independence. It may be noticed that the policy pursued by them in this war was in keeping with their usual practice when no lofty sentiment was aired. It was their first care when they attacked an enemy to find allies near the seat of war, whose local knowledge and supplies they might turn to good account, whom they could strengthen when the war was over, and to whose guard they could commit the advantages that had been won. It was thus that they had used Hiero and Massinissa in the wars with Carthage; it was thus that Rhodes and Pergamum were to help them in the East. The gains of the late war were great enough. Macedonia was no longer to be dreaded; it might seem a needless burden to keep garrisons abroad when a fringe of free republics would be a watchful check on Philip, while there was too little of real unity among them to cause alarm from their ambition. Matters were hardly ripe for annexation, and it was wise to wait awhile without taking more burdens on their shoulders. There was nothing very sinister in such a policy; nothing to point to far-reaching schemes of conquest: but there was nothing of high-minded sentiment, or of genuine sympathy for Hellenic freedom. If such there might be here or there among the Roman statesmen, it was kept surely for the study rather than the council chamber, and was too unsubstantial to be weighed in questions of real business.

CHAPTER X.

ROME'S WARS IN THE EAST AND POLICY IN GREECE.

The origin of the war with Syria, B.C. 192.—The conflict with Antiochus of Syria can hardly be explained as due solely to imperial ambition, or to dreams of world-wide conquest. Rome that had withdrawn her legions and her garrisons from Greece, had no present wish to extend her borders in the East, and had no forces near the seat of war. Antiochus, who had seen Philip crushed, could realise the power of Rome, and had little to gain by a defiance. But each was hampered by the claims and obligations of the past. Antiochus had fondly hoped to win again all that had formed part of the kingdom of his fathers. While Philip, his old rival, was fighting for his throne, and the child-king of Egypt was powerless to resist, he promptly seized the territory which had been matter of dispute between them, grasped even at the Greek cities on the coast, and defied the naval power of Rhodes. He had no mind to embroil himself with Rome; but when she used big words about the grievances of her allies, and her mission to protect the independence of the Greeks, he answered in a haughty vein, and denied her right to interfere. The Ætolians, furious because their claims at the close of the last war had been ignored, urged him to cross over into Europe, and malcontents in other states sent specious offers. Hannibal, driven to his court from Carthage by the jealous hate of Rome, was eager to begin the fray, and his genius alone was worth an army. Rhodes and Pergamum on their side pushed

matters to extremes, and besieged the wavering Senate with their rumours of menace and aggression. The language of diplomacy grew fiercer, as each hoped the other might give way, and so at last they drifted into war.

The course of the war.—The Romans made ready in good earnest, for when Hannibal was in the field against them, it was no time for half-measures. So vivid was the memory of the past, that they sent a strong army to the South to face the invader when he landed, as they thought he surely would, to ravage Italy with fire and sword. Antiochus was the first to strike a blow. He showed himself in Greece long before the Roman army could appear upon the scene, but he knew not how to profit by his chances, and he let the precious months slip idly by till his scanty forces were outnumbered by the Romans, who forced the passes of Thermopylae where he tried to make a stand, and drove him away in headlong flight. He was conquered but not crushed, and hoped to be left undisturbed perhaps at home. But Rome was resolute to finish what was well begun. Her navy was soon upon the scene, combining with the Rhodian to keep the Phoenician fleet in check, to the command of which Hannibal, by a strange caprice, had been appointed. The conqueror of Zama, the great Scipio, had volunteered to serve as legate, if his brother were made general-in-chief, and both were soon upon their way. The legions tramped steadily along month after month round the coast of the Ægean, while Antiochus moved aimlessly about in fruitless efforts to reduce the strongholds that defied him; they were in Asia ere his plans were ready formed; he asked for peace, but could not bring himself to accept the hard conditions; he stood for a time irresolute in his intrenchments, and at last staked all on the hazard of a single day, when a policy of caution would have been his only chance. At Magnesia by Mount Sipylus came the crash of battle. The motley armaments of Syria, in which a score of nationalities were curiously

mingled, were no match for the steady infantry of Rome; the phalanx stood its ground awhile, then sunk into an unwieldy torpid mass, and the fight became a massacre at last. The war was at an end, for Syria was crushed. She had to give up all that lay beyond the Taurus, and to pay a war-indemnity that was heavy even for her wealthy subjects.

Hannibal is hunted down, B.C. 183.—But great as was the eminence at which Rome stood, she could not breathe in peace while Hannibal was living. She had been mean enough to listen to the lying tales which rancorous partisans had forged against him, and to drive him in hurried flight from Carthage. Her envoy at the Syrian court seems, though Livy tries to mask the sinister design, to have affected friendly confidence to stir the king's suspicious fears; caprice or jealousy had neutralised his genius in the late war; yet she set a ban upon his head, and hunted him from one court of Asia to another, her foremost statesmen even—to the shame of Flamininus be it said—stooping to so low a task, till at last he died by his own hand, that he might not fall into the clutches of his unrelenting enemies.

The treatment of Philip.—Philip, however sorely tempted, had been true to Rome in her late struggle, but he met with scant courtesy and grudging acts. While Eumenes of Pergamum was loaded with rewards for service rendered, Philip was condemned to lose what Antiochus and the Ætolians before had wrested from him, and what he had reclaimed with his own hand. No wonder if he sullenly retired to brood over his wrongs and hope for better days.

The insolent self-assertion of Roman generals.—While the government itself assumed so haughty and ungenerous a tone we need not be surprised if its generals acted with slight respect for the rights of weaker races. The war was scarcely ended when the consul, Manlius Vulso, made a plundering raid through Western Asia, unknown to the Senate or the people, and overran Galatia, presently returning with his

booty, like an Arab trader from a slave-hunt. Another general, a few years later, M. Popilius Laenas, made a still more unprovoked attack on a tribe of the Ligurians, claimed a triumph even in defiance of the Senate for the slaughter of the helpless mountaineers, and persisted in his murderous forays till the tribunes threatened to impeach him.

Their faults are clearly exhibited by Livy.—Livy does not palliate their conduct, but he seems to have been struck, not so much with their cruelty and scorn for weakness, as with their insolent self-assertion and the failure of the Senate to control them. He clearly pictures to our fancy the arrogance of the great ruling families, whose members, in their mad haste to sate their greed or their ambition, were deaf to the cry of justice and even to the restraints of law.

He deals too tenderly with Flamininus.—But there is reason to believe that Livy did not deal so frankly with the character of some men of more eminence. We have seen how lavish were his praises of the unselfish sympathies of Flamininus. Not content with that, he colours or suppresses facts elsewhere recorded on good evidence, but of a less favourable nature. For he stood by, we read, and made no sign, though privy to the plot which cut off in Boeotia by the assassin's dagger the head of a faction dangerous to Rome. He had hurried negotiations on with Philip for fear that his successor might gain the credit of a triumph. He seems to have urged the young Demetrius to make a party for himself and rely on Roman help in his ambitious designs upon his father's throne. His conduct of the war with Nabis brought little credit to the Roman arms, for he could not, or he would not overcome the resistance of a petty tyrant, and allowed him to remain, infamous as he was for his misdeeds, to be a thorn in the side of the Achaean League. At a later stage his vanity was hurt by the success of Philopoemen, whom he compelled to stay his hand when he had Nabis almost at his mercy. He allowed the hostile Messenians to be included in

the league, but with special encouragement to appeal to Rome in all disputes, and thereby to sow dissensions in their midst. Finally, he condescended to run like a bloodhound in the track of Hannibal. When we collect these scattered features, for most of which there is good evidence, we see a character before us that is not very lovely, much as it has been over-praised.

Unprovoked war with Perseus, B.C. 711.—While the generals of Rome assumed the right to pillage or to massacre the weaker races on the frontier, the government itself resolved on a war of iniquitous aggression. Philip of Macedon had passed away, but his last years had been clouded by a lurid tragedy of domestic horrors. Roman intrigue had pitted brother against brother, each of whom charged the other with plotting to take his life, if not his father's. Demetrius, the younger, was condemned to die as a would-be parricide and traitor, but his father soon rued the fatal act, and sunk in sorrow to his grave. Perseus, who succeeded, might have proved an able ruler in more quiet times. He set himself to repair the waste of constant wars, studied finance, developed the resources of the country, scrupulously observed the peace, and only stepped beyond his borders to strengthen himself by marriage ties with the ruling families of Bithynia and Egypt. But Rome eyed jealously his growing power, warned him to beware when he chastised a restless and aggressive neighbour, and trumped up wild stories of his bribing northern hordes to swoop down on Italy like the Gauls of earlier ages. Eumenes of Pergamum was an indefatigable spy, construing every act of Perseus into a sign of disaffection, protesting that his own life was in danger because he served Rome faithfully, and that the only wise course was to crush their common enemy ere he grew too strong. The counsel fell on willing ears; it was decided in the Senate to draw the sword again, and the submissive people sanctioned the unscrupulous act by a vote of the Assembly. Some attempt was made indeed, as

we find in Livy's pages, to justify the war by blackening the character of Perseus, and by lying pretexts only meant for the credulous populace of Rome. But it needed time to prepare an army for the field, to occupy the forts, and call out the allies in Greece, and there was danger lest Perseus, gathering courage from despair, might overrun the undefended country. So they feigned willingness to treat for peace, lured him with false hopes inspired by Marcius Philippus, an old connection of the Macedonian line, and held him in suspense till they were ready to strike home. The faint protest of men of honour in the Senate was overruled or silenced, if indeed the writer does not here exhibit in dramatic form the scruples merely of his own historic conscience.

The war dragged on from want of generalship.—But the undertaking needed something more than audacity and cunning. The generals, chosen from a narrow *coterie* of ruling families, could show no sign of military talent. The army was strong and brave as ever, but they knew not how to use it; they had no knowledge of the seat of war, or could not suit their tactics to the country; they mismanaged the commissariat; they could not even lead the soldiers in the field. So the war dragged on for three campaigns, in which scarcely any progress had been made. Meanwhile there was wide-spread discontent in all the neighbouring countries. The generals, incapable against the enemy, gave the rein to their cruelty and greed in dealing with the allies and subject peoples. They went back to their homes with little glory, but they left behind them a track of pillaged cities, and races driven to insurrection by despair, and commerce made a prey for licensed brigandage. Even Perseus, though never sanguine of success, took the offensive; Rhodes and Pergamum, weary of the struggle and their ruined trade, began to take high tone and talk of mediation. But Rome needed only a competent commander to retrieve the losses of the past, and the chance of the elections fell at length upon a soldier of austerer type,

Æmilius Paullus, who set himself without delay to restore the ancient discipline and organise the means of conquest. He had not to wait long for a decisive battle. Again, at Pydna, it was proved that on a fair field nothing in the whole world could resist the Roman machinery of war. The legionaries again broke up and slaughtered the unwieldy phalanx; the Macedonian army became a helpless crowd, and its monarchy collapsed for ever. The fallen ruler turned to fly, but there was no escape for him on earth, and he was guarded to grace the triumph of his conqueror, hardly saved even at last in pitying scorn from the foul air of a Roman dungeon.

Scandalous stories about Perseus.—But history might at least have spared the memory of Perseus some of the ungenerous taunts transcribed by Livy. He was indeed no hero for a national struggle of despair, and had not perhaps his father's brilliant talents, but the Romans who had sown the seeds of fratricidal strife had little right to point the moral; the fear, perhaps the certainty, of treason may well have made him seem irresolute, or retire in what was called a groundless panic; the stories of his avarice or mistrust in dealing with the faithless Eumenes, and in attempting to conceal his treasures, read like the idle inconsistent gossip spread by a credulous and heated fancy.

The ungenerous treatment of Rhodes.—It was the mission of Rome, the poet tells us, to beat down the proud who ventured to resist (*debellare superbos*). Was she as generous in requiting the services of those who helped her? That question may be answered best by the experience of Rhodes. That island state, well-ordered and prosperous beyond her neighbours, foremost among the trading powers of the Ægean, had stood forward gallantly to protect the freedom of the seas against the encroachments of Antiochus and Philip. She had done Rome good service in the Syrian war, and loyally borne her share in all its dangers, though her recompense was scanty.

at the close. She offered a fleet of forty ships to combine with the Roman navy against Perseus. But as time went on, and commerce suffered from the war, while Macedonia held its own, and the consul Marcius Philippus perfidiously hinted that mediation would be welcome, they forgot in their silly vanity the measure of their strength, and presumed to send both to Rome and to the seat of war to say that they would arbitrate between the warring powers, and take part against the side which refused to come to terms. The arrogant offer was ill-timed, for it was scarcely sent before the victory of Pydna left Rome secure in her Imperial pride. The frightened envoys tried to disguise or palliate their mission. At Rhodes itself the partisans who had wagged their tongues at Rome fled away at once, but could find no city bold enough to give them shelter. There was a talk even in the Senate of declaring instant war, and it needed Cato's eloquence to shelve the motion. A few presumptuous words however wiped away the memory of faithful service, and Rhodes lost the dependencies which had been assigned to her a few years before on the mainland; she was forced to sue to be accepted as a subject, no longer as a sovereign ally, and soon saw her revenue drop off and dwindle by the creation of a rival emporium at Delos.

The treatment of Eumenes.—We feel less pity for Eumenes of Pergamum, who was now made to feel that he was but the creature of Rome's policy, which had made his kingdom what it was, and could as easily unmake it. It was largely due to him that the war had been resolved on, for he had nursed suspicion with his lying tales, and worked on their willing minds with eager hate. But later on perhaps he wearied of the struggle or grew doubtful of his patron's strength, and he too began to talk of mediation; rumours even spread of overtures from Perseus, which fell through however from mutual mistrust. No sooner was the warfare over than he was made to feel that he was only a supple instrument no longer needed. He hurried to

Italy to sue for favour, but they would not let him enter Rome. At home even his subjects were allowed to see that he was in disgrace, and that they might appeal to a yet higher court of justice. But there was worse yet to follow. They had already in another land set brother against brother, and stirred up strife and murder in the family of Philip. Now the same dark policy was tried again, and Attalus, who had been sent to sue for pardon, was tempted to form a party for himself and oust his brother from the throne. But family affection proved too strong, and the baffled plotters in revenge took back the gifts with which they had vainly tried to snare him.

The latter is disguised by Livy.—Livy, it is true, whose sense of honour was naturally shocked at such designs, speaks of them as the work of mean intriguers, and hints that the fancy of Attalus had been fired already by ambitious hopes, but Polybius expressly says that eminent statesmen formed the plot, and the offered bribe of territorial domains was certainly the Senate's gift.

Rome's policy in Greece.—Like Rhodes and Pergamum the Achaean league was made to feel, immediately on the fall of Perseus, that its alliance had been only one of the stepping-stones convenient for awhile in passing to the conquest of the East, but to be now flung contemptuously aside. It may be useful to recall the general features of Rome's policy in Greece, especially as it is in many points glossed over and disguised by Livy, though Polybius wrote fully with the genuine regrets of patriotic pride.

This was selfish and ungenerous.—It is idle to suppose, as we have seen, that the statesmen and diplomatists of Rome, who treated the subject-world a few years later with such unmeasured insolence, could have harboured a fancy so romantic as the vision of Hellenic independence. They were beginning as connoisseurs of fine art to admire their paintings and their statues, so much indeed that Fulvius Nobilior shortly afterwards left not a single work of art in all Ambracia—

considerate it seems in that—as Livy quaintly puts it—distorting the phrase of the original—he took nothing else away with him (xxxviii. 9). But we may find it hard to share the historian's credulous admiration, as we note that it was Rome's invariable practice to caress and to reward at first the new ally who had done good service in a distant war, though each was to be flung aside in turn as a dishonoured tool, or reduced to the common level of subjection. Assuredly if there ever was a transient glow of disinterested feeling, it soon faded in the light of common day. Nabis, as we have seen, was spared, outrageous as had been his license, to be a drag upon the progress of the League. The Ætolians, who had called Antiochus across the seas, and after his defeat defied the whole power of Rome, were menaced indeed and scornfully entreated, and kept in suspense for many an anxious month, but mercy at last was shewn to them which was alike unusual and undeserved, for their jealous rivalry was reckoned on as a counterpoise to the Macedonian power. What has been said of the Messenians already was true of other members of the union; each fragment of the sovereign state was encouraged to negotiate with Rome directly, to carry every grievance thither as to a high court of appeal; each faction even could hope to gain a hearing, and perhaps powerful support for its intrigues. No words can be more emphatic than the language of Polybius in that respect, though from Livy we might rather gather that the senators grew weary of the quarrels of the Greeks, than that they gave a stimulus to them by approval. No wonder if the controlling power of the League was discredited in the eyes of all the federal states, and the links of union were sadly loosened. Local jealousies revived; extravagant pretensions were put forward based upon historic claims; the statesmen of the League were strong enough to deal with the forces of disruption, but their hands were tied by the selfish policy of Rome, which sternly checked them when they drew the sword, and openly professed that she would look on with patience if the

foremost cities of the union drew themselves apart and Greece were resolved into its social atoms. Meanwhile the intensity of party-spirit, the inveterate curse to the free life of those republics, was causing rapidly a widespread anarchy and license. The rival partisans of Macedonia and Rome in every city were hardly to be kept from flying at each other's throats, and many a bloody act of repression and reprisal marked the several stages of their bitter feuds. Freedom under such conditions was a curse and not a boon, for the primary safeguards of good government were wanting. The days perhaps had long since passed when Greece could stand alone, relying on her own turbulent energies and civic talents. But Roman intrigues had introduced new elements of dissolution, and thanks to her the problem that was hard before was impossible henceforth. Still the statesmen of the Achaean league were wary and made no sign of sympathy with Perseus, offering their contingent in the war against him. But they could not silence the traitors in their midst, who when the war was over denounced them as the enemies of Rome, and turned the presence of the returning legions to account to begin a reign of terror in their cities. Even men like Aemilius Paullus looked on, while noble patriots were murdered, and the remnant who appealed to Rome were dragged away to Italy, to spend there long years of exile, and study like Polybius the lessons of the past.

Livy's later books lost, and in them accounts of ruin of Corinth.—Here then the historian's guidance fails us; the later books of Livy are lost in which we might have read how a fierce explosion of unreasoning passion provoked the pitiless vengeance of the Romans, how the fair city of Corinth was utterly destroyed, her inhabitants enslaved, and her lands parcelled out among the conquerors: and how Greece forfeited at last even the semblance, as she had long lost the reality, of freedom.

The destruction of Carthage.—It is a far greater loss that we have not his description of the third and

final war with Carthage, which stamped out completely Punic influence and culture almost at the same time as the rude soldier Mummius was making a wilderness where Corinth lately stood. It was a war full of varied interest of the highest order, and Livy's powers of style would have found ample range in dealing with the sudden surprises and vicissitudes of the long siege, and with the despairing energy and heroism of the inhabitants of the devoted city. It would have been a matter of great interest to us to learn to what extent Livy, reflecting national prejudice, disguised the cruel intolerance of the aggression, together with the perfidy and cunning which disgraced the opening chapters of the war.

Revolutionary struggles at Rome.—But Rome herself was not long to be spared some at least of the miseries which she had brought on the surrounding nations. The arrogant self-assertion of the ruling families had grown to an unexampled height; their merciless greed was turning the gardens of the world into a desert, while they were heaping up colossal fortunes for their children; but the population of Italy was being ruined by constant war and neglect of economic evils; the sturdy yeomanry was dying out, and their place was being taken by slave-labourers in the country, and a motley populace in the large towns, scrambling for the doles of noble bounty, and claiming to subsist as pensioners upon a subject-world. Soon the Gracchi were to appear upon the scene, clamouring for legislation to be carried through and for the lower orders, thus striving to break down the exclusive power of the senatorian rulers, and opening the long period of Revolution, which was to bring unnumbered evils upon Italy, and to be closed only by the Empire.

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